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THE LATE M. SADI CARNOT, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, ASSASSINATED AT LYONS, SUNDAY, JUNE 24.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In a defence of the society journal I recently read somewhere that the present passion for publicity is a natural one, and not one of artificial growth stimulated by the Press; and in proof of it various extracts were given from ancient newspapers to show that what was personal in relation to persons of eminence was always an attractive subject. It might be attractive to the reader, but scarcely to those discoursed upon, since in hardly any case are they spoken of with fairness, far less with favour: the remarks are what we now call, perhaps from these first specimens of the personal paragraph, personalities. The advocate, in fact, seemed to me to do his best to abolish his own case, when a little observation would have given him good grounds for establishing it: for certainly of late years there have been proofs enough that we have no objection to our private affairs being made public property. I suppose it is not ten years ago since the habit of putting "In Memoriam" notices in the *Times* was inaugurated. There were at first but one or two of them, and they did not escape the lash of the cynic—

He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy,

was remarked of the sentimental advertiser; and, indeed, it did seem curious that all of a sudden, after a hundred years during which the opportunity had been offered in the columns of "our contemporary," people should thus take to indulging in pious public reminiscence. Heretofore "one insertion," at the actual date of their loss, was sufficient for the relief of their feelings; but the world is now notified yearly—or sometimes with a slip of a year or two (when the affair seems to have escaped their memory)—that their grief is still alive. These are no longer exceptional cases; they appear with as great regularity at the foot of the obituaries as (a little lower down) the notifications of sepulture: "Feelings of relatives consulted and a gravelly soil." Unless the newspapers put in these "In Memoriams" (which seems unlikely), they must be voluntary advertisements inserted from love of publicity.

The same thing may be seen in the notices of golden and silver weddings, which are even of still later origin. Until within a very short time ago we were content to have our weddings advertised as they took place; there might be three or four of them—four is rather a high average—but they were all different. But now we go back for half a century, and disinter the dead orange-blossoms and cut the bride-cake (sadly like churchyard mould) and bring out the skeleton posters to remind the world how happy we were before nineteen-twentieths of it was born or thought of. The effect, upon the whole, is gruesome—

What are myrtles and wreaths to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis like a dead flower with maydew besprinkled;
and unless from a wish for notoriety, it is difficult to see why it is done. At present there are no intimations of this kind in the birth column, but in time, no doubt, this omission will be rectified. There is no more reason why a gentleman should not remind the public of the date of his natal day—though in the case of a lady there may be—than of that of his marriage.

The "Sick List," again, is another novelty which evidences the same desire to inform the world of our goings-on, or goings-off. It is possible the doctors may have suggested it, for the same reason that Mr. Bob Sawyer got himself called out of church, but it is more probable that it originated with the patients themselves, without whose permission, at all events, the fluctuations of their ailments could hardly have been made public. Such little claims to eminence, indeed, have some of the invalids that appearance under this head would seem to be the only chance of their being admitted. Perhaps the perusal of their own bulletins does them good: let us hope so, for one cannot say that these details of the sick-room are very agreeable. There is a sad sameness, too, about their results. After daily assurances have been given us of the probability of recovery, in nine cases out of ten the eminent person deceases, and we are informed that, "as has been well known from the first, his ailment could have only one termination." This announcement has a close parallel to the account of the candidate for Parliament on the side favoured by the reporter. While the election is undecided he is represented as the very man for the seat and safe to win it; when he has lost it we are told that his case was always hopeless, his claims being, in fact, extremely weak and especially unsuited to the constituency. What sorrow is expressed is for the party, not for him (who has, it is hinted, bungled the whole affair). In this respect the deceased person has the pull of him; for if he is a peer "it is," says the reporter, "our painful duty to announce his demise," and "we regret to have to record it," even if he is only a baronet.

Of late years a great deal of attention has been given to the intelligence of children, though the latest direction this has taken, and which will probably turn out to be the most useful, may be said to illustrate the want of it—namely, their inability to understand ancient terms and phrases which, because they are so often repeated, have

been erroneously concluded to be familiar as household words. The use of "that blessed word Mesopotamia" may be comforting to a certain class of reader if he be an adult and filled with an unquestioning reverence for Holy Writ, but to the child it is only one more difficulty amid a sea of them, to be slurred over as quickly as possible, in the hope that there may be no questions asked. It is not surprising that ordinary teachers should not inquire very curiously into such matters, since it only gives them trouble to elucidate them; but it is strange indeed that even mothers should allow their little ones to use words in their daily devotions which have no more significance for them than a nonsense rhyme. I knew a child who for many years had no conception of the meaning of the word "hallowed," but confused it with the proper name that sounded nearest to it, and always rendered the aspiration in the Lord's Prayer, "Harold be thy name." Another leaf we have recently taken from child life has been the record of its bright sayings, some of which have been amusing enough, though it must be confessed they have owed not a little to their cynicism. "These crackers were made at home," observed a child within my hearing at a juvenile party. His nurse remonstrated with him upon the impropriety of such a remark, but he only added, when he found that the cracker did not "go off," "There, I told you so!" There was a little want of good manners in thus expressing himself—considering his position as a guest—but otherwise no ripper result of experience and observation could have been reaped by Methuselah. It is curious, to judge from such slender records as have reached us of the sayings of the children of old, that while they seem to have been much better informed, they have been far less humorous than our children. The impression produced may be due in part to their chronicler, but they certainly appear to us not only old-fashioned, but rather priggish. At the beginning of this century the elder Disraeli, who well knew books and men, and presumably boys, gives us an account of the sayings of a certain young prince, Henry, son of James I., in striking contrast with these modern instances. The manuscript from which he derives his information is well authenticated, and sets down every little circumstance considered worth mentioning as it occurred, up to the age of thirteen; and we have the biographer's word for it that "the princely boy possessed a turn for pleasantry in a very high degree." Unhappily for our conviction, he gives us no very convincing examples of this gift.

The first time Prince Henry went to the town of Stirling to meet the King, observing without the gate of the town a stack of corn, it fancifully struck him with the shape of the top he used to play with, and the child exclaimed, "That's a good top." "Why do you then not play with it?" he was answered. "Set you it up for me, and I will play with it," replied the infant prodigy. "This is just the fancy," says our biographer, "which we might expect in a lively child, with a shrewdness in the retort above its years." Again, when he was eating a cold capon on a cold day, his physician told him that it was not meat for such weather, whereupon the boy replied, "You may see, doctor, that my cook is no astronomer." In both cases the merit, such as they may possess, of these replies depends upon the age at which they were uttered; but what is most noticeable about them is their unchildlike character, as we understand children nowadays. There is a pretence of wisdom about them that strikes one as incongruous; they have a sort of pompous platitude belonging by rights to the other end of life, and, to the modern mind at least, suggest priggishness. From the above and similar examples of his conversation, the biographer is of opinion that if this child had lived to manhood "the days of Agincourt and Cressy would have been revived, and Henry IX. had rivalled Henry V.," but one cannot help suspecting that, however estimable from a military point of view, he would have been an intolerable bore. It is sad to think that the diary even of that excellent young prince, which has come down to us with his own hand, conveys a similar promise as regards his manhood.

Insomnia is a serious business, but it is strange how so simple a matter as what to avoid in the way of Night Thoughts that make for wakefulness is so little understood. One of the many newspaper writers on this subject says that he rarely gets five hours' sleep at night, and yet he has nothing particular to trouble him "except a scientific matter that has long engrossed his brain." Only that and nothing more! Another is surprised to find that his endeavour to repeat "The Falls of Lodore" is not so efficacious as a sleep-compeller as it is reported to be. Another finds the recital of the Greek alphabet not of the slightest use for the same purpose. The precise reason for the last failure is, probably, that he does not know the Greek alphabet so well as his own, for the whole secret of getting to sleep is to keep the mind at ease and untroubled by conundrums. In the "Old Evening Hymn" there is a beautiful verse that alludes to this sad business—

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

The simplicity and piety of the aspiration are beyond all praise, but the remedy—"heavenly thoughts"—is vague. If they are thoughts of the future, however commendable,

I venture to think they will fail in producing slumber. If one wishes to get to sleep, speculation of all kinds is to be avoided. Affairs of the present are, on the other hand, too pressing: to think of them is almost to be up and about; the mind, to be at rest, must dwell upon the past—an old story the dénouement of which is known beforehand. Above all, there must be nothing to excite anger. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" is not only a religious precept but a warning to those who are retiring, as they hope, to rest: if you want to kick somebody be sure you will not lie still. When one has once had some sleep it is sometimes more difficult to go on with Nature's sweet restorer than to woo her at first, but if you have had a dream and can recall ever so small a fragment of it, you are safe: dreams have an affinity with one another like the threads of a spider's web, and by the merest gossamer one is once more swung up into fairyland. But do not throw up the sponge and own yourself vanquished. If it once comes to lighting the gas and getting a book to read, you will never be your own master again as regards slumber. It must be remembered that we all deceive ourselves as to our want of sleep. When we say, "We never closed our eyes all night," we mean that we opened them much oftener than was agreeable; when we say, "We heard every hour strike," we mean that we heard a good many. The wrongs we receive at the hands of Nature we are apt to exaggerate to ourselves, with some futile hope, perhaps, of inducing her to moderate her rancour; just as when we are very unlucky we think to melt the heart of "unmerciful disaster" by asserting that we always lose.

In an interesting little article recently published in one of our cheap periodicals an attempt was made to give what are the usual subjects of conversation among ordinary people in their proper proportion—so much per cent. to sporting matters, so much to the stage, to business, to affairs of the heart, and so on. The writer had evidently given his ear to a good many people who had been unaware that it had been presented to them, and gathered a great deal of miscellaneous information. Upon the whole, his conclusions seem very much what one would have imagined they would be, except that his unsuspecting clients seem to have had little to say about the weather. To judge from the odds and ends of talk that one cannot help hearing between one's fellow-passengers in the railway and the omnibus, this is surely a favourite topic. It is used, of course, chiefly by persons who have little else to talk about, or merely as an introduction to break the ice of silence; but it would astonish the sound to know how largely it would enter into their discourse should they become sick. To the young and strong the matter is of no consequence—

Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together,

but to the aged and the frail it is one full of importance. There is something pathetic—though, it must be confessed, very uninteresting to the outsider—in the talk of these persons about the prevalence of east winds, or of the damp weather, which increases their ailments or delays their recovery; for in nine cases out of ten the weather, unhappily, has very little to do with it—no, nor even the time of year, though the date (that is, the Anno Domini) has generally a good deal. How the doctors would get on without this topic one can hardly conceive; for when there is no other hope to be held out to the chronic invalid, they always pretend to look for improvement in a change of weather. When the warmth of summer sets in, or the clear sharp frosts of winter, we shall get relief, they say; and let us hope the recording angel blots out their too smooth prophecies with a tear. Though in his secret heart the patient has long lost hope, it is touching to see how he answers to the spur of encouragement; how he talks of the spring weather—coming very slowly up his way—and how he will be "another man" by midsummer, which, indeed, he may be, and in another sphere of existence.

I suppose where weather is less variable than with us, it forms a less frequent topic of conversation. If every morning brings an "Italian sky" (not always, by-the-by, the case in Italy) one can scarcely invest one's meteorological forecasts with much interest. On the other hand, in tropic climes, where atmospheric disturbances do take place, they give you something to talk about: how Jones's house last night was carried away by a tornado, or how Brown and his family were, like medicine, shaken before taken, having been swallowed up in Saturday's earthquake.

For many years of his life Dr. Johnson looked with incredulity upon the weather as having any influence upon the human frame, though he seems to have rather given himself away in saying, "Why, yes, Sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." If any of his acquaintance told him it was wet or dry, he would stop him with, "Pooh, pooh! you are telling me that of which none but men in a mine or in a dungeon can be ignorant. Let us bear with patience, or enjoy in quiet, elementary changes, whether for the better or the worse, as they are never secrets." When the Doctor became an invalid, however, he shared the common lot. "The weather, you know," he writes, "has not been balmy; I am now reduced to think, and am at last content to talk of the weather. Pride must have a fall."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BIRTH OF A ROYAL PRINCE.

Midsummer Eve, on one of the first seasonable and genial days that have followed "the winter of our discontent," was most judiciously appointed by Lucina—a goddess manifestly favourable to Queen Victoria's family—for such an event as is delicately styled "a good time"—a time of which we may truly say that it is "made glorious summer by the Sun of York"; the first born son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of York, the Prince of Wales's grandson, her Majesty's great-grandson; destined, let all Englishmen and Englishwomen loyally hope, after many years to succeed to the throne of his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandmother, the fourth prosperous reign of a direct line, which some of us saw commenced in 1837, and which, if all the now contemporary lives be preserved as long as can reasonably be wished, shall cover much more than a century—God grant that the United Kingdom and the British Empire may be as safe and happy as they are now, *sua si bona nōrint*, when that long period has elapsed!

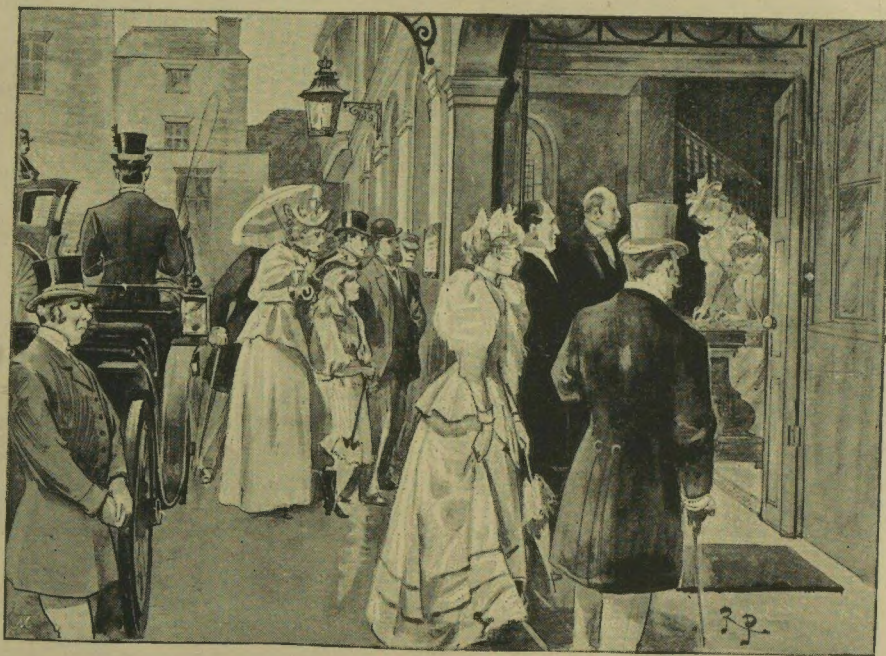
On Saturday evening, June 23, at ten o'clock, her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, the Princess "May," or Victoria Mary of Teck, born at Kensington in May 1867, and married on July 6, 1893, to Prince George of Wales, Duke of York, gave birth to the babe whose advent is hailed with sincere rejoicing, we believe, not only in this country and in the distant colonies and Eastern dominions of Queen Victoria's realms, but all over the civilised world. The stability of British royalty is the bond of this Empire; and there have been times in our national history when its prospects were endangered by an apparent deficiency of heirs suitable to our political conditions. It is doubtful whether England would have cheerfully, for the second time, have accepted a German monarch, another Elector or King of Hanover, in times not quite beyond the experience of our immediate forefathers. And if we go back two hundred years, to the date when a childless pair, William and Mary, and their successor Anne, who lost all her children, stood between the vindication of our civil liberties, with our established religion, and the Jacobite faction aided by France, while the Act of Settlement in favour of the Hanoverian line then seemed but a frail safeguard, we see the importance of having an ample store of direct offspring from the actual sovereign. It is true that such contests as those of the ancient houses of York and Lancaster have in these times been paralleled nowhere but in Spain and Portugal, but a dispute of that kind is sure to be attended with public mischief and with discredit to lawful authority. The existence, at this moment, of four generations of legitimate successive inheritors of the Crown is therefore a national blessing.

Of the actual happy event there is little to be described. The two grandmothers, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck, were present; the Duke of York was in the house, accompanied by his father-in-law, the Duke of Teck, with his two brothers-in-law, Princes Adolphus and Francis of Teck; and his father, the Prince of Wales, had been there during the afternoon, leaving Richmond at seven o'clock. The Princess of Wales remained there all night. One of her Majesty's Ministers, the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Home Secretary, was there until nearly an hour after the birth, which was announced by telegraph to the Queen at Windsor Castle, to the Prince of Wales at Coworth Park, Sunningdale, and to the Lord Mayor of London. It was soon known to most of the inhabitants of Richmond and Kingston, their church bells rang a merry peal at midnight, and flags were displayed in the morning. In St. Paul's Cathedral, and in other London churches and chapels, the pulpit preachers on Sunday spoke with devout thanksgiving. Loyal addresses from different corporations, and friendly messages of congratulation from the sovereigns and princes and ambassadors of foreign States, have not been slow to come into the hands of her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses. The medical bulletins, signed by Dr. John Williams, M.D., and Dr. F. J. Wadd, continue to assure us that the mother is passing good days and nights, and that the infant Prince is well. Hundreds of visitors make personal inquiries either at York House, St. James's Palace, or at White Lodge, Richmond Park, where close approach to the mansion is prevented by a temporary fence, and a marquee has been erected at the entrance gate to receive and answer those who call. The Queen on Tuesday came from Windsor to see the Duchess of York and the babe, and she must be a happy woman to-day.

THE LATE PRESIDENT CARNOT.

BY MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.

All great events take place in France in a dramatic fashion. They shape themselves in a way to strike the imagination. This, doubtless, is why French news is so far-reaching and interesting all the world over. Is there not a powerfully strong dramatic element in the last hours of the life of M. Carnot? And yet a more untheatrical person never lived. If he had followed his instinct he would have lived like an Arcadian shepherd in good circumstances and well provided with musical friends and instruments. But this shy, quiet man was destined to a strikingly tragical end. The bouquet of a grand display of fireworks was to mark the flight of his spirit. It was his fate to be stabbed on his way from a public banquet to a gala representation at the Lyons Theatre. President of a "godless" Republic, he was to receive Extreme Unction from the Archbishop of Lyons, surrounded by his clergy. A domestic man above all things, he was to die in the racket of a public fête. When he was laid on an operating-table at the Prefecture of Lyons, the heat of the room and the fainting state of the patient rendered it necessary to throw the windows open. A public square lay beneath them, and in the distance was a review-ground; both were brilliantly illuminated. The crowd in front of the Prefecture, having seen the President lifted, as they thought, lifeless from his open carriage, ceased at once to shout "Vive Carnot!" But they then set up shouts of "A mort! A mort!" It was impossible to countermand the fireworks. The doctors when the windows were open could not hear each other when they talked, the detonations of the pyrotechnics and the fizzing of fiery "wheels" being deafening. The whole sky was ablaze with the final effort of Ruggieri as the last breath was drawn.



SCENE AT YORK HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

When the President's widow and her two sons arrived at Lyons, early in the morning, that city was like a ball-room at daybreak. Festoons of coloured lights were flickering and throwing up the high flames that precede extinction; the air was reeking with the smells left by petards, roman candles, bengal lights, and the breath of hundreds of thousands of holiday-makers; cafés and restaurants were still crowded; but those in them had drawn faces and talked low. The funereal element had overborne festive feeling.

Carnot rather shrank from the journey to Lyons. I do not suppose he had any presentiment of the doom that awaited him, but he had made up his mind that it would be unrepugnant and setting a bad example to stand a second time for the Presidency of the Republic without the interval of another Presidential reign. He had spent largely during the first five years, and he wished to recoup through economy for the opportunities he had lost as President to earn and to save money. M. Carnot was always seriously out of pocket whenever he made a tour in the provinces. The railway company insisted on transporting him and his suite gratis, but he calculated what they would fairly have had a right to charge him, and sent it to the humble servants of the company who had been specially told off to attend to his train. He was also open-handed in giving tips to servants at Prefectures and Mayoralties. Market women who presented bouquets to Madame Carnot were made return-presents. Manufacturers who sent her magnificent specimens of their industries were entertained handsomely at the Elysée, on the principle of *donnant donnant*. The President's gifts to the poor of every town where he was entertained were also munificent. He was allowed £12,000 a year for travelling expenses. But one year with another, his trips, though he travelled free, cost him a good deal more. He calculated that a visit to the Lyons Exhibition would cost him at least £2700, and felt that as he would not stand for re-election he could ill afford the money. His health was also racked out. Carnot had the *cœur sensible* of the

eighteenth century, the taste for eclogues, for family life as Greuze understood it. Unknown to him, Rousseau formed the basis of his disposition. He was full of pity for the poor, of piety for his father and mother, was glad to have his private affairs directed by his wife—who is an active, clever woman and a *maîtresse femme*—had a high standard of honesty, was simple in his tastes, and found his highest joys in his home circle. The happiest years of his life were the seven spent after his marriage at Annecy and Savoy. He was then an engineer of roads and bridges—a branch of engineering which was held in highest honour by the Romans, and gave them their Pontiffs. Savoy was then freshly annexed to France. The Emperor was holding out the olive branch to the Carnot family. Madame Sadi Carnot would have graciously accepted it, had her husband's family been able to endure the idea. However, imperial officialdom at Annecy made things smooth for her. She was well received everywhere, had charming social relations, and before the seven years were out had four children round her—three boys and a girl. They and music and sketching, and botanising and Rousseauising, made life at Annecy quite heavenly to the future head of the State. He was silent, slender and shy, and sweet and studious—one of those men who would not hurt a fly, and was incapable of pushing his way on and up. The clever active wife, the family name, the breakdown of the Empire, all brought him on the crest of a high wave in 1871. He had shown some fine qualities in 1870 in helping to place Havre in a state of defence. The Parliamentary struggles in which his friends took part strengthened his capacity for passive resistance, which was naturally great. His wife kept him to the fore in the Republican salons. One saw her at the receptions of Madame Thiers, of Madame Tirard, Madame

Floquet, Madame Laurent Pichat, dressed to pass muster and with a good deal of taste, but too economically for *haute élégance*. One never met her at any *demi-semi* place. She had an honest old objection derived from her British grandmother. She did not profess to be Puritanical, but she was so none the less. She had a strong English feeling in favour of what was "respectable," and against those ladies who get on themselves, and often drag their husbands after them, by making prettiness a profession. One never saw Madame Carnot amid those women who use literature as a flag to cover questionable merchandise. The breath of scandal never touched her. In society her manner was lively, watchful, and *prevenante*—a word for which there is no English equivalent. She had a pleasantly provincial way of chatting about persons of prominence in the room. I dare say she picked it up *en voisinant à Annecy*. It was not at all ill-natured, though amusing, and there was life in it. One also found that she was well read. M. Sadi Carnot hung about near her, to be ready to go elsewhere at a glance from her. They nearly always got home before midnight, and were early risers. She looked closely after household affairs. Her mother-in-law said of her that she would not suffer a pin to go astray or a bit of cold meat to be wasted. Her careful attention to home affairs proved a good preparation for the Elysée. If women could sit in the French Parliament, I should recommend the election of Madame Carnot to a seat there, and her nomination to the chair of the Ways and Means Committee. She and her husband discharged their public duties as admirably as they did their family duties. No head of the State was ever more universally regretted than M. Carnot, and the heart of the country goes out to his mother and his widow.

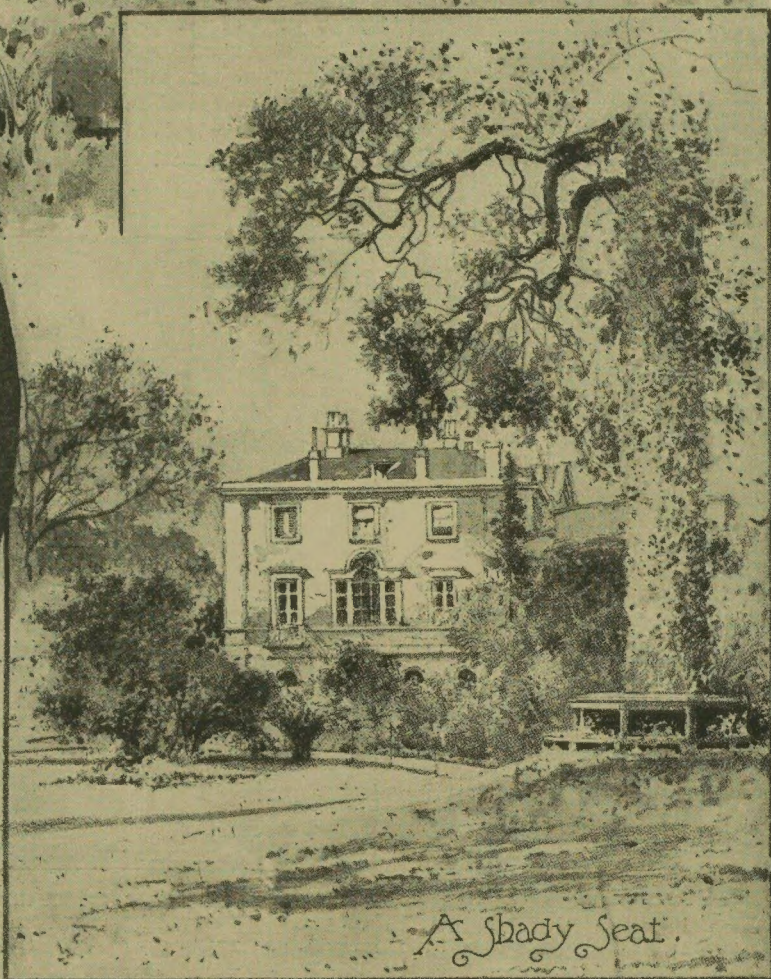
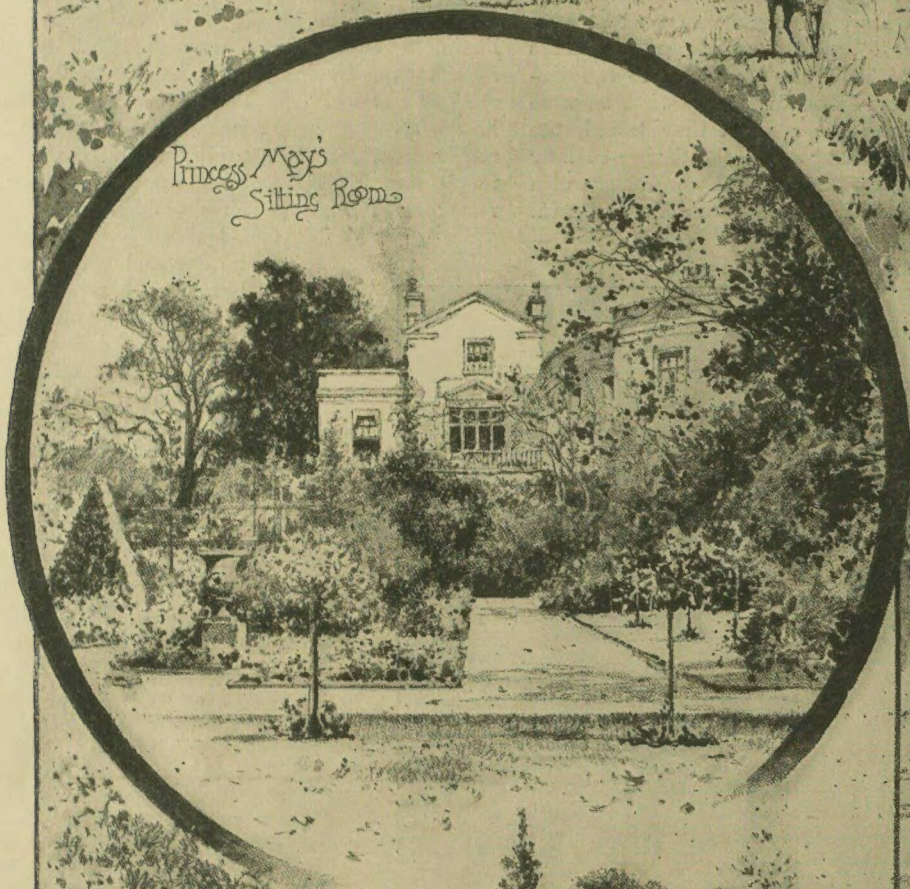
GREAT COLLIERY DISASTER IN SOUTH WALES.

At the Albion Colliery, Cilfynnid, three miles from Pontypridd, in the Taff Valley, a terrible calamity has taken place by an explosion, on Saturday afternoon, June 23, of inflammable gas, when there were 267 men in the pit, of whom only sixteen were brought up alive, and six of them have since died. The number killed, 257, is perhaps beyond example. The colliery had been singularly free from accident, the worst in its previous history being one which caused the death of four men during the sinking operations, which were first commenced in December 1884, and coal was first sent to market in August 1887. The seam worked was the upper four feet, which was not considered fiery. The shaft was 10 ft. in diameter and 580 yards deep, and the colliery was worked on the "long wall" system. The number of men employed was 1600, and the weekly output was about 10,000 tons. About 1450 men generally work underground, but, fortunately, only a repairing shift was at work on Saturday afternoon, consisting of labourers, timbermen, hauliers, fitters, and others engaged in repairing or cleaning. Most of these were Englishmen, the Welshmen, as a rule, being colliers. The proportion of married men, leaving widows and children, is large; and relief subscriptions to the Monmouthshire and South Wales Permanent Provident Fund are requested by the treasurer, Sir W. Thomas Lewis, 22A, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. The Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales have sent messages of sympathy and compassion.

Wimbledon Common
from White Lodge.

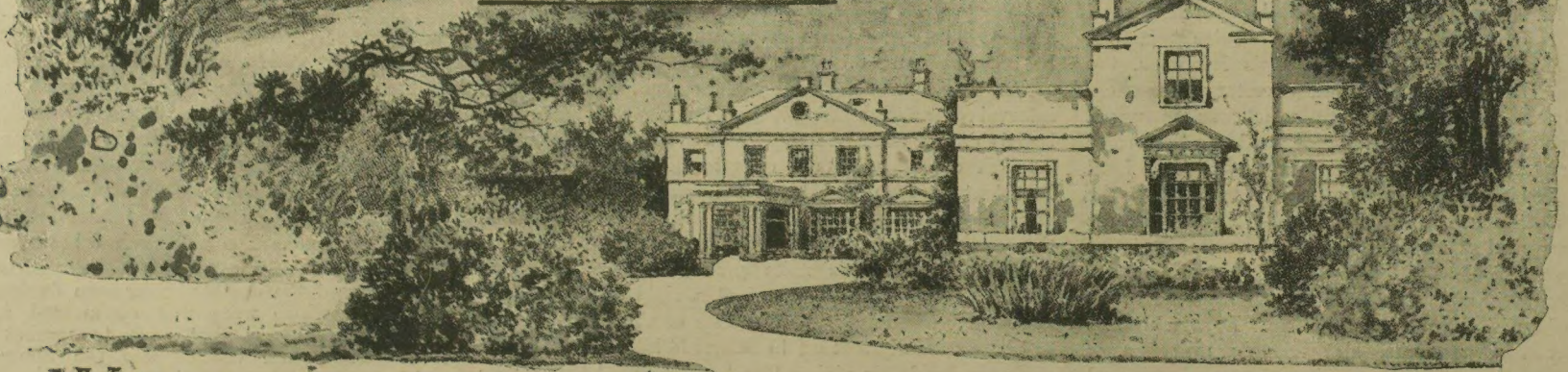


Princess Mary's
Sitting Room.



A Shady Seat.

Princess Mary's Balcony.



White Lodge.

Holland Tringham

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Madame Réjane has arrived in London at last, and won her instant success at the Gaiety without an effort. She brought with her, of course, Sardou's semi-historical, eminently theatrical, always effective play, "Madame Sans-Gêne," and it is with the free-and-easy laundress of the Parisian quarter of St. Anne, with the honest woman of the people who loves a Republican soldier and gives everyone a bit of her clever mind, from the women at the washtub to the satirical ladies of Court society, from the rough soldiers of the Revolution to the great little Emperor himself, that we are concerned. We are not so interested in the Corsican hero or the Empress Marie Louise, or the Emperor's sisters and toadies, and Court intrigue and police complications with Fouché and his rivals, as we are in this plain-speaking Queen of the Laundry. Réjane is a delightful actress of comedy—quick, alert, clever at slang and repartee, an artist to her finger-tips, inventive in business, with the audience always in her grasp, and only occasionally guilty of the crime of excess. I have compared her to a very great predecessor, Hortense Schneider, who, to my mind, was one of the most brilliant actresses in her line I have ever seen. It was the fashion when Schneider was on the stage to regard her merely as a singer, but not as an actress. She was the heroine of the comic opera in the days of the last decadent Empire. Offenbach, the most gifted of the light musical composers of that exciting period, made Schneider, and in making her glorified himself.

And Réjane takes Schneider's place, and carries us back to the days of the First Empire and to the Paris of the Revolution. We naturally ask ourselves who could play Madame Sans-Gêne in English, if it were ever possible to translate such a play or to find any English-speaking woman capable of rendering the wild recklessness, the infinite fun, with the concealed tender heart, that are the essentials in Madame Sans-Gêne. Yes, in the old days Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. John Wood could have given us a fair version of Sans-Gêne; not that their art is less pronounced than that of Réjane, but they are English actresses and not French. Ada Rehan is the only actress I can picture as Madame Sans-Gêne, for she has that wild madness at her command that the character demands. It is not vulgarity that Sans-Gêne requires, but wild tomboy spirits. If it were opera, I can see Florence St. John as the *blanchisseuse*; but for the life of me I cannot see Ellen Terry, the ideal, the poetical, the fantastical, the almost mediæval actress, distorting her very nature

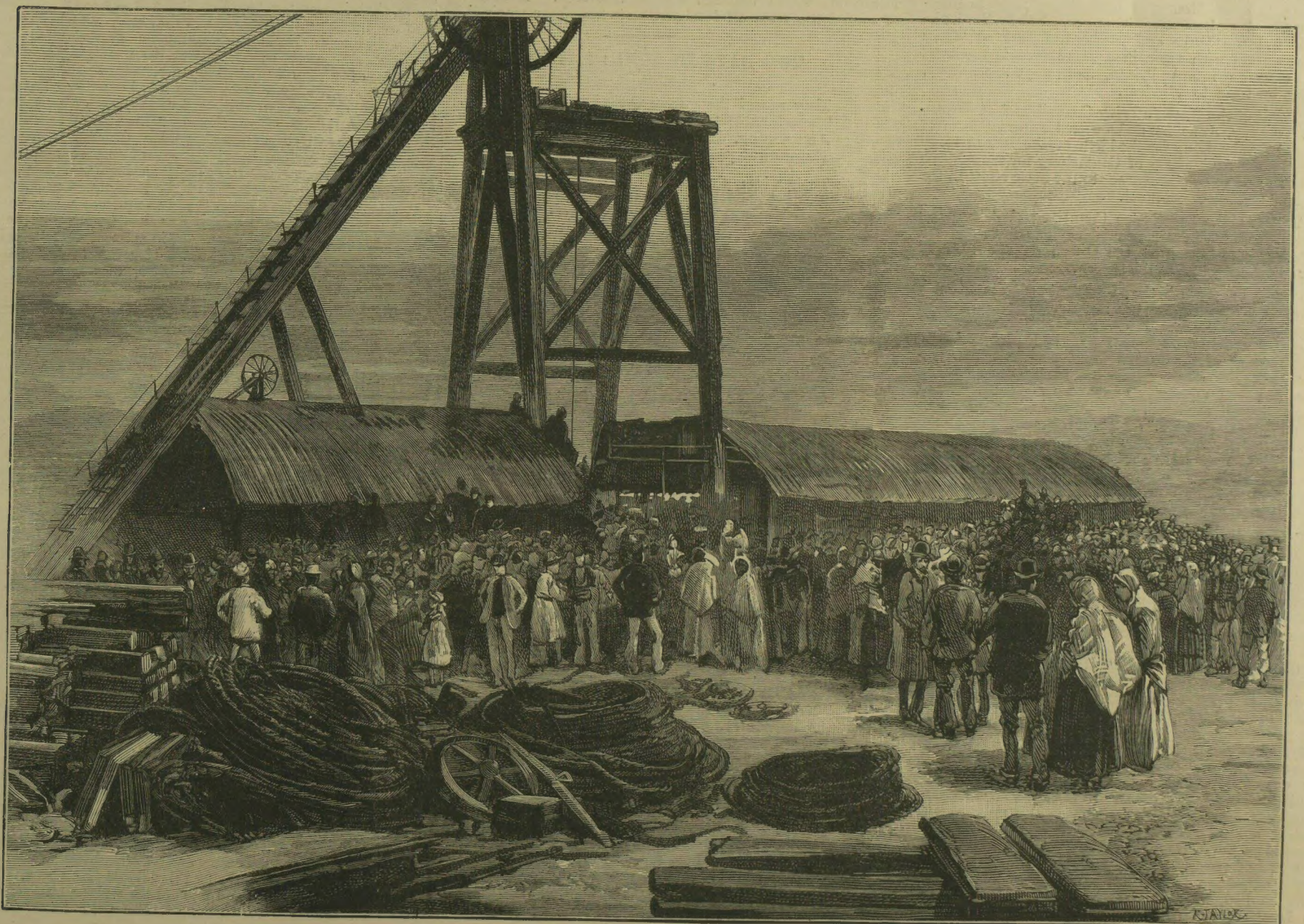


MADAME RÉJANE AS MADAME SANS-GÊNE, AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

with the eccentricities of the vulgar French washerwoman. That Ellen Terry is a comedy actress we all know; that she has a keen sense of humour no one would deny; but the comedy of Portia and Beatrice and Olivia is not the comedy of the promoted French washerwoman. Miss Ellen Terry is evidently pining for pronounced modern comedy, but she can do better than forcing herself

into Madame Sans-Gêne or Mirandola in "La Locandiera." By-the-way, I have discovered that Goldoni's old comedy was the basis of "Intrigue; or, the Bath Road," a comic interlude in one act, written by John Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," in which Miss Kelly (Drury Lane, 1814) and Mrs. Humby (Haymarket, 1831) distinguished themselves. Let Miss Ellen Terry revive "Intrigue," with the famous duet, "When a little farm we keep and have little girls and boys," and she will get all the English that is possible out of "La Locandiera."

Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Professor's Love-Story" is one of the most delightful little plays I have seen for many a long day. It is a poem in action. The story of the old Professor who falls in love against his will is charming. The dialogue is both graceful and witty, and the acting of Mr. E. S. Willard and his companions as good in its way as it can be. I have little doubt that the preachers of the unconventional in dramatic art will claim this faultless idyll as their own, and as one of the practical results of their persistency. The men who have talked down sentiment, who have ridiculed nature on the stage, who have laughed Robertson to scorn, and have advocated murders, suicides, unhappy endings, "Wild Ducks" and "Rosmersholms," the shrieking sisterhood, and tame rabbit battues in grim garrets, will, I doubt not, put up "The Professor's Love-Story" as an example of their creed, because they find that the public loves nature, is attracted by sentiment, and is inclined to take its pleasures in studying good more than in gloating over evil. Mr. Barrie's play is of the Robertson genre. It will charm the audiences of to-day just as "Caste" and "Ours" charmed at the time that they were written. Mr. Barrie has given us a little masterpiece. He has no grand views to propound, no axes of his own to grind; he is not desperate on the woman's question or the man's question, nor has he elected himself as a society preacher or cynic. He is merely a humble student of human nature, and has given us a play that indeed holds the mirror up to nature. The play, as it seems to me, is perfect of its kind; and all the acting, however started with sentiment, drifts off into a delightful vein of humour. Tears and laughter struggle for the mastery when Mr. Willard is on the stage. Miss Bessie Hatton and Mrs. Canninge have never done anything half as good; while Mr. Royce Carleton's Scotch labourer is a revelation in humour. Everyone who likes to laugh and does not disdain to cry at the play should hurry off to see "The Professor's Love-Story."



THE GREAT DISASTER AT THE ALBION COLLIERY, NEAR PONTYPRIDD, SOUTH WALES: SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, has been accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg), and the Princess of Leiningen, and has been visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and

and swooned. The murderer was knocked down by M. Rivaud, and was seized by the gendarmes, who had some difficulty in saving him from the fury of the people. It was then a quarter to nine o'clock. M. Carnot was conveyed to the Prefecture, where he died at a quarter before one in the morning. One of his sons was with him, and Madame Carnot, with two sons, arrived from Paris at seven o'clock on Monday morning. His daughter, Madame



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT CARNOT: IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; also by the Russian Czarévitch, Princess Alix of Hesse, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and Princess Aribert of Anhalt. The royal family, on Sunday, June 24, attended divine worship at the Mausoleum at Frogmore. The Queen next day visited the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bagshot.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Czarévitch of Russia, Princess Alix of Hesse, the Princess of Leiningen, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, went to Richmond on Tuesday afternoon; she was received by the Duke of York and the Duke and Duchess of Teck at White Lodge, took tea with them in a small tent in the front garden, saw the infant Prince, and stayed an hour, returning by train to Windsor.

The Lords of the Queen's Privy Council met at Whitehall on Tuesday, June 26, and ordered a special form of prayer and thanksgiving for the birth of the Prince to be prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the Church of England, and some observances to the same effect in the Established Church of Scotland.

In Australia, the Legislative Councils and Assemblies at Melbourne and the other colonial capitals have adopted congratulatory addresses to the Queen on the birth of another direct successor to the throne.

The assassination of the President of the French Republic at Lyons, on Sunday night, June 24, is one of those actions, like the murder of President Garfield in 1881 and that of President Lincoln in 1865, which prove, equally with the murder of the Czar Alexander II. at St. Petersburg and with the Phoenix Park assassinations in Dublin, that the fanatical malignity of modern sectaries, vowing vengeance on all ministers of political and social order, is of an identical type. All conspirators, to commit the crime of murder, under any pretext, whether of patriotism and nationality, or of intention to bring about a revolution in society or the triumph of their creed, are the direst enemies of humanity; and such a one is the fiendish young maniac who has taken the life of M. Sadi Carnot.

The late President, an upright, honourable, and prudent French statesman, whose character is well described by a well-known contributor to our Journal, intimately conversant with Parisian affairs, had gone to Lyons on the Saturday to be present next day at the ceremonial of opening the Exhibition. He was the official guest of M. Rivaud, Prefect of the Department of the Rhone. After the proceedings on Sunday at the Exhibition, he was entertained with a banquet at the Palais de Commerce, adjoining the Hôtel de Ville, and made a speech; he left the table in the evening to go to the Grand Theatre, where a gala performance was arranged in honour of his visit to the city. In an open carriage, with two other gentlemen, he was escorted by a procession of other carriages from the Place des Cordeliers. Passing along the Rue de la République, opposite the offices of the Crédit Lyonnais, the carriage was moving slowly, when a young man, roughly dressed in a light greyish-brown suit with a cap, sprang forward upon the carriage step, holding up what seemed to be a scroll of paper. The mounted guards, thinking he had only a petition to present, did not stop him. In an instant he had, with his left hand, seized M. Carnot's right hand, while, with a dagger which was concealed in the roll of paper, held with his own right hand, he stabbed M. Carnot in the side, just below the ribs, piercing the liver with a wound four inches and a half deep. M. Carnot uttered no cry, but fell back in his seat

Anniset, was at Lyons. His age was fifty-six. The assassin is an Italian, twenty-two years of age, named Cesario Santo Hieronimo, a native of Motta Visconti, in the province of Milan.

The body of the murdered President was brought from Lyons to Paris on Monday night, and has been laid in state at the palace of the Élysée; the funeral is arranged for Sunday, July 1, with a religious ceremony in the Cathedral of Notre Dame and a procession to the Pantheon, where orations will be delivered. Messages of condolence from all foreign Courts have been received.

TWO DAYS IN JUNE: 1894.

June 23rd.

They roused them from their hard-earned sleep,
Those humble toilers for their bread,
And willing, down the terraced steep
The dutiful processions sped.

Their wives, their children at the door
Shouted good-byes with cheerful noise;
They watched the fathers with their boys,
Nor dreamt that they should come no more.

Silent below, the black abyss
Yawns for its prey as waits the tomb—
When all are come, God! what is this?
This sudden crash of Death and Doom?

A blinding flash, a deafening roar,
Lives crushed, or torn, or stifled, then
Black clouds of smoke, and nothing more
Of full three hundred toiling men.

June 24th.

He left his wife, his home, his all,
The chosen ruler of his race,
As one who marches forth to fall
The light of Duty on his face.

His daughter with her little child
Welcomed him on his lonely way;
He kissed them both, then sadly smiled:
Fate summoned him—he might not stay.

The fluttering streets, the plaudits loud,
The passionate greetings of the crowd,
The civic feast, the guarded state,
Might drown awhile the voice of Fate.

Aside he bade his escort stand,
And let the people press his hand;
Nearer they draw—a flash, a start,
A dagger stabs him to the heart.

A gasp, a pang, a piercing pain,
A gush of blood, a choking breath;
The surgeon's skill endured in vain,
And ere Love came to tend him, Death.

* * * * *
Dark Powers of Evil everywhere
Encompass us in earth and air;
Nor there alone, but deadlier roll
Deep through each maimed malignant soul.

To Pain and Death, though Duty lead,
Men's faithful souls shall follow still,
Possessed by her imperious creed,
And creatures of a Hidden Will.

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Some American observer of our customs has complained that certain members of the House make a point of keeping on their hats when the Prince of Wales is sitting in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Perhaps this critic would have been even more scandalised by the hat of Mr. Illingworth, which remained on his head while Sir William Harcourt was expressing the national sympathy with the French nation for the murder of President Carnot. The explanation is as simple in the one case as in the other. The Strangers' Gallery, distinguished or obscure, has nothing to do with the House, and Mr. Illingworth enjoys the privilege of a Quaker. His fellow-members, or nearly all, sat uncovered during the impressive speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Balfour. It was an occasion which demanded the peculiar magnetism of Mr. Gladstone for its full effect, but Sir William Harcourt was not unequal to it. He delivered a carefully written address which contained some happy phrases. He described the French as a "brave, ingenious, and indomitable people." He said that President Carnot had added fame to a name already famous. He pointed out that the primary condition of good relations between England and the rest of the world was peace with France. Mr. Balfour struck the same note with equal success. In spite of petty jealousies and bickerings, he declared, there existed between Englishmen and their neighbours across the Channel a substantial amity. The whole tone of the speeches spoke volumes for that generous instinct which has never been lacking in English public opinion or in our statesmanship for many years past with regard to the misfortunes of our greatest rival. England and France have been enemies on many a battle-field, but since they were enemies they have been allies. And there is an indisputable bond between them in their recognition of the great qualities of the high-souled gentleman and sterling patriot who has been so foully done to death by the Anarchist assassin.

From this exalted subject there was rather a heavy fall to the new beer duty. The Chancellor of the Exchequer assumed an attitude more familiar to the House than his accents of respectful homage to the dead Chief Magistrate of a great nation. He bantered the brewers without mercy. Not that he wished to speak ill of "the trade," who were the best customers of the department over which he had the honour to preside; but was it really pretended that the brewing industry, with its enormous increase of profits, ought to be exempted from any increase of taxation to meet a great outlay for the purposes of national defence? Then, for the benefit of the Liberal brewers who had revolted against this part of the Ministerial policy, he read a letter from a notable brewer at Wolverhampton, a Conservative, who said there was really no case against the new duty of sixpence a barrel. This brewer did not believe there would be any serious attempt to throw the duty on the consumer by reducing the quality of the beer. For a time some brewers who were not very well off might try this device. Seizing on this admission, the Opposition, who had listened in a rather depressed way, plucked up courage and cheered. The Chancellor of the Exchequer paused in his reading to suggest, with a genial smile, that it was the wealthy and not the poor brewers who were making the outcry, and that the poorer members of the fraternity would continue to be swallowed up by the richer without any reference to the Budget. The increase of profits in the brewing trade was accounted for by the growing consumption of beer, by the fall in the prices of old materials, by the use of new and cheap materials. Here the member for Wimbledon essayed to stem this uncomfortable demonstration by urging that the fall in the price of barley was due to the taxation of beer. It was a rash incursion into the argument, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer promptly showed that barley had not suffered so much as wheat, and that the depression of both was due, not to taxation, but to foreign competition. Moreover, in spite of the Budget, brewery shares were going up. If "the trade" were threatened with injustice and disaster, why were people more anxious than ever to invest their money in breweries? Colonel Lockwood had proposed an amendment that the new duty should be threepence and not sixpence, a distinction which led Sir William Harcourt to ask how the Opposition proposed to raise the seven hundred thousand pounds they were gaily prepared to deduct from the revenue. Altogether, this was perhaps the most successful speech which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has made in the course of these interminable debates. He was followed by Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, one of whose confident assertions was promptly corrected by a member sitting behind him, an incident which seemed to afford great satisfaction to the handful of Conservatives who had come in to listen to his eloquence.

After this the debate, which marked a crucial stage in the fortunes of the Budget, was made merry by Sir Frederick Milner, who perceived in the proposals of the Government a dark intrigue in the interests of water. He declaimed against water as a beverage, and solemnly assured the House that the only time he was ever the worse for drink was after consuming three bottles of ginger ale. Even this anecdote failed to rouse the House from the listlessness with which it had listened to the whole discussion. Mr. Goschen declaimed against the unfairness of taxing wealthy brewers, and at last the division came, with a majority of eighteen for the Government, a result which shows that Sir William Harcourt's fiscal scheme is safe.

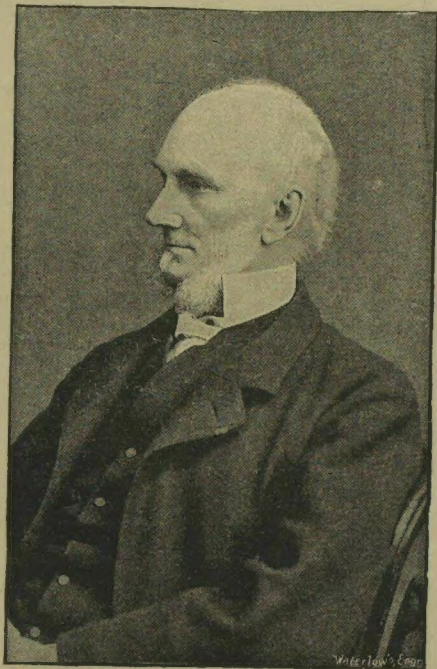
The funeral service for the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, at Westminster Abbey, on Friday, June 22, was attended by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, and Lord Selborne, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Mowbray, Lord Lingen, Lord Aberdare, Lord Young, and the Right Hon. George Denman, as pall-bearers, and by Lord Rosebery, the American Ambassador, and most of the judges. The coffin was then conveyed to Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, where the interment took place next day, conducted by the Dean of Gloucester, in presence of the family and private friends. The Mayor and Sheriffs of Exeter were present.

PERSONAL.

The late Mr. Adrian John Hope, whose collection of pictures has been attracting all the world to Messrs. Christie's rooms during the week, came of an art-loving family, several members of which were famous picture collectors in their day. The Hope family, although for some generations settled in Amsterdam, was thoroughly Scotch, descended from Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse, who was Lord Advocate of Scotland in the seventeenth century. His son, who settled in Amsterdam, became a friend of the Prince of Orange, and built a palace near Haarlem, which contained a fine collection of paintings. Mr. Adrian Hope was the second of the three sons of Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasis," and a liberal patron of art and letters. His personal appearance was, however, not imposing. A French artist named Dubost painted the portraits of Thomas Hope and his beautiful wife, a daughter of Lord Decies, on the chance of selling them to the originals; but failing to do so, he exhibited his picture under the title of "Beauty and the Beast," for which display of French wit and gallantry M. Dubost was sentenced to pay five pounds and costs. Mr. Adrian Hope, the son, married a daughter of General Count Rapp, who was Napoleon's aide-de-camp after Marengo, led the brilliant charge at Austerlitz which routed the Russian Imperial Guard, and subsequently defended for months Danzig against the powerful Russian army, and earned fame by his chivalrous treatment of the sick and wounded on both sides. The nucleus of the collection now being sold was made by Mr. Henry P. Hope, of Bedgebury, who left his large fortune and pictures among his three nephews.

An attempt on the life of Jabez Balfour excites rather mixed feelings. That interesting exile was taking the air under the verandah of his South American retreat when he was fired at by a drunken sentry. The effect of too much liquor on the sentinel's mind was to make him fancy that his prisoner was trying to escape. Everybody is glad, of course, that he missed his aim, though the shooting of Jabez might not have plunged the world into inconsolable sorrow; but if the experience has given a rather disagreeable shock to his nerves, nobody else, we are afraid, will regret it. There is an impression that the life of Mr. Jabez Balfour, even within range of a tipsy sentry, is on the whole too comfortable, and that the occasional whizz of a bullet just near enough to be unpleasant may be a wholesome corrective.

Lord Forester, of Willey Park, Salop, Canon Residency of York, who died on June 22, was the last survivor of three sons of the first Baron, each of his elder brothers having held the title. He was ordained at an early age, and saw much hard work, first as curate for five years in Buckinghamshire, and afterwards as vicar of a parish in the Potteries. He was appointed Canon of York in 1874, and was Chancellor of the cathedral from 1875 to 1891. A somewhat absurd story has been repeated on this occasion that Lord Forester enjoyed with Lord Kingsale the right of wearing his hat in the presence of royalty. Considering that the first bearer of the title was one of George the Fourth's coronation peers, it would be difficult to say where the "privilege" came in, or how it could have been exercised in less democratic days than the present by a commoner. It is probably quite correct to say that Lord Forester shared the privilege with Lord Kingsale, for the myth of the "hat trick" in the latter peer's case has been conclusively exploded. Lord Forester's claim is said to have been derived from a grant made to an (unnamed) ancestor by Henry VIII., while the De Courcy privilege (Lord Kingsale's) is referred back to King John, although it was never acted upon until after the accession of William III. The "hat trick" in the Kingsale case has been performed four times at long intervals, the last time being in 1859, on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Dublin.



THE LATE LORD FORESTER.

Of the twelve famous soloists at the Handel Festival all are of British birth save Miss Ella Russell, who is an American. Madame Albani is a Canadian, born not far from Montreal; Madame Melba, as her *nom de théâtre* indicates, is a native of Melbourne; Miss Anna Williams is a Londoner; Madame Clara Samuël hails from Manchester; Miss Marian McKenzie is a daughter of Plymouth; and Miss Clara Butt, who has earned distinction so early, was born at Southwick, near Brighton. With regard to the gentlemen, Mr. Charles Santley, who sings at his twelfth festival, is a native of Liverpool; Mr. Edward Lloyd is a Londoner; Mr. Andrew Black is a Glaswegian; Mr. Ben Davies the natives of Swansea Valley proudly claim; Mr. Norman Salmond is a Yorkshireman. The distinguished conductor, Mr. August Manns, was born at Stolzenburg, in Prussia. The cosmopolitan character of the festival is reflected also in the orchestra and choir.

Lord Coleridge's farewell to his constituents in the Attercliffe division of Sheffield has a not unexpected touch of bitterness. His elevation to the House of Lords, which ends his career both in politics and at the Bar, does not

inspire him with any affectionate regard for that assembly. He says it is a place where the voice of the people is not heard with any sympathy. This seems to suggest that so far as he is personally concerned the voice of the people will not be raised in the Chamber of Peers. Nor is it likely that the spectacle of Lord Coleridge, mute and unhappy, will rouse any remorse in the bosoms of the other hereditary legislators. But it may have a considerable effect on certain members of the House of Commons when they stand on the steps of the throne listening to hereditary eloquence. The three eldest sons, for instance, who have a little Bill for abolishing the disability of peers to sit in the representative Chamber will regard the figure of Lord Coleridge with a sort of fascinated horror, as a gruesome emblem of their own fate should their little Bill be rejected.

"An Old Offender" writes: "I must confess to a peculiar sensation somewhat akin to that of the naughty boy who was caught in the apple orchard as I read Mr. Andrew Lang's short paper on 'Translations,' which appears in your issue of June 9, but he is rather hard on our class. Let him encourage, not disparage, Horatian enterprise. Even if the country gentleman, graduate, or undergraduate is neither a poet nor a wit he may have his 'happy moment,' and write something which may be dug out from oblivion by a son or a grandson who can appreciate a good thing. So long as he refrains from publishing there can be no more delightful occupation for him than to turn his hand to an ode of Anacreon, an epode of Horace, or a stanza of Heine. He may even try Walter Map, or Mapes, as the learned Dr. Guest calls him, and his numerous imitators: for instance—

Lollai, lollai, little child, why weepest thou so blindly?
Mourning must thou hither come to this world so unkindly;
Ever think thee in thy heart of these things three—
Whence thou comest, where thou art, and what shall come of thee.

Or, as the last line is in the original English translation—
Whan thou comist, whar thou art, and what ssal com of the.

The first English version (probably about 600 years old) appears in the Harleian MS., 913, and is a translation of an old Latin song in the seven-foot measure—

Lolla lolla parvule, cur fles tam amare
Oportet te plangere nec non suspirare.
Lolla lolla parvule natus mundo tristi
Igrotum cum maximo dolore venisti.

And when the occasion is inspiring and the mood propitious, he may even attempt a higher flight, and venture to imagine how Horace would have welcomed back a friend from a bed of sickness or a mighty hunter from an expedition after big game in the Pamirs. I venture to close with another example, and if Mr. Lang says 'Burn the lot!' I shall not complain of an unjust fate—

AD AMICUM.

Non ebur neque aurum.

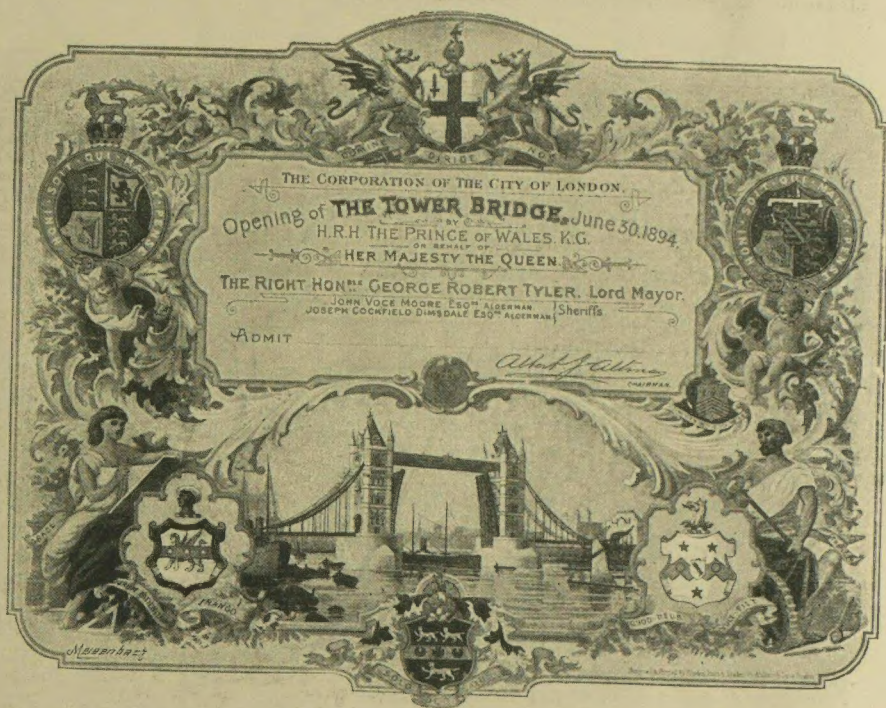
No ivory or golden plate
Adorns my village home,
No powdered lackeys at my gate
Stand statuesque as stone;
But loving hearts and eager hands
Will welcome you once more,
A friend so mercifully snatched
From Lethe's fatal shore.

'Tis true that golden palaces
May please the envious eye,
But better far is sweet content
As years go gliding by.
And you and I know sterling worth
Of children, friends, and wife,
And love the gleams of sunshine
Which light a workman's life.

No votive tablet decks our walls
Our gratitude to prove;
But deep within our hearts enshrine
Are memories of love.
Then welcome back to work again;
Forget the gloomy past.
The heart that feels its weariness
Will surely break at last."

The Brunswick "claimant" is, at all events, more persistent than our own butcher-baronet, but it is a curious coincidence that the reappearance of the former in the Paris law courts should be marked by the removal of the Judge who, as an advocate, effectually exposed the English impostor. Ever since the Duke of Brunswick died in 1873, bequeathing his fortune to the city of Geneva, attempts have been made by the descendants of Lady Colville (*née* Charlotte Munden) to obtain some portion of the legacy, in return for which the city of Geneva has erected a sumptuous monument to the memory of the donor. The original cost of the monument must have forced the City Council to dip pretty deeply into the dual bequest, and the law costs which have followed are perhaps only equalled by the enormous expenditure the maintenance and repair of the monument have entailed. By this time the city of Geneva must be thoroughly sick of its benefactor, and could wish no worse fate to the "claimant" than that he should take over the legacy and its liabilities. Whatever may be the result to the claimant of the fresh start given by the Paris

Court of Appeal, we may safely prophesy that some difficulty will be found in getting over the extraordinary hoax of the *Baronagium Genealogicum* and the letters patent in the British Museum, which Dr. Garnett's affidavit helped to expose about two years ago. The line of the House of Brunswick in that crudite work stops short at 1764, and as Duke Charles was not ninety years of age at his death,



INVITATION CARD FOR THE OPENING OF THE TOWER BRIDGE.

it would scarcely contain any reference to that "gay deceiver's" existence.

Unquestionably the strongest candidate for the vacant Presidency of the French Republic is M. Casimir-Périer. He has been Prime Minister, and he quitted office without any loss of personal prestige, a distinction very rare in France. As President of the French Chamber, his authority is very great. The office is by no means a sinecure. Unlike the Speaker of the House of Commons, the President is constantly intervening in debate. Mr. Peel's voice is rarely heard in the course of a sitting. M. Casimir-Périer's voice is always heard. When it is not, he asserts himself by tapping the front of his desk with a staff, or by ringing his bell. Sometimes he remains standing during the greater part of a speech, using both these instruments of order with all his might. It is not every man who could remain dignified while ringing a bell or banging a desk with a stick, but the President of the Chamber is the incarnation of dignity. His rivals for the highest post in the State, M. Brisson and M. Dupuy, have none of his personal magnetism. M. Brisson, indeed, is rather morose than impressive.

Perhaps the successful management of several hundreds of noisy legislators with an unextinguishable taste for "scenes" fits a man for the most imposing office in his country. The French Deputies, when they are not angry, are rather like young lions at play. They seem disposed to eat the gentleman on the tribune just for fun. He rather enjoys his position, especially when a colleague starts up and addresses him in startling tones with outstretched fist. He enjoys himself so much that he is unwilling to bring his discourse to an end. This is rather trying to the official reporters, who may be seen in the midst of frantic interruptions asking the orator to be so good as to repeat the last words, which were drowned by the tumult. In the Italian Chamber the reporters have a short way with the long-winded. They have been known to rise in a body and request him to desist. He has promptly complied. Such is the power of the Press.



ALTAR PLATE FOR CHRIST CHURCH, LANCASTER GATE.

A service of jewelled altar plate has been manufactured by Messrs. Godwin and Son, of 304, High Holborn, to the order of the Vicar and Churchwardens of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. It consists of two massive chalices, a crystal flagon, and an alms-dish, all studded with jewels; also three patens and two smaller cruets, which are plain. These articles have been presented by a few members of the congregation. The design of the ornamental work on the two chalices is similar, consisting of vine-leaves, grapes, and scrolls, in bold relief. The stem is hexagonal, in the shape of a pillar, the lower part with recesses containing figures of our Lord, the Virgin, and the four Evangelists. One chalice is jewelled with carbuncles, and the other with amethysts. The flagon is of pure crystal glass, adorned with Indian moonstones, and surmounted with a figure of the sacred pelican feeding its young from the blood of its breast. The alms-dish, fourteen inches in diameter, is singularly beautiful. Round the border, in four circles at regular intervals, are the emblems of the four Evangelists; the centre is filled by a carved figure of the pelican and its young, copied from Grinling Gibbons's famous work in the Church of St. Michael, Cornhill. Round the edge of the dish are inserted, with pure white crystals, the carbuncle, amethyst, chrysoprase, sardonyx, sard, and chrysolite, described in the book of Revelation.



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT CARNOT: THE VOTE OF CONDOLENCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"No worthier representative of the great Republic, whether at home or abroad, could have been desired than was found in the person of M. Carnot. He has added fame to a famous name among the most notable in the annals of France. He leaves behind him the imperishable record of an exalted station and great duties bravely fulfilled. His private virtues illustrated his public worth. His dignity, his moderation, and his wisdom were made known to all men. He brought good to France, and in bringing good to France he brought good to the world."—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.



By W. E. NORRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXV.

JOSEPH'S HOST.

Mrs. Mansfield alarmed Veronica a good deal at breakfast the next morning by proposing to accompany her to the lawyer's office.

"I know how independent you are, dear," said she; "but I really cannot feel that it is quite right for you to be roaming all over London alone, and as you choose to go to Mr. Walton, instead of sending for him—which I should have thought would have been rather more fitting than that he should send for you—I may as well take this opportunity of consulting him about some small affairs of my own, upon which I wish to have his opinion."

"Oh, but indeed you must not think of doing that!" protested Veronica. "It always gives you indigestion to go out immediately after breakfast; you know, and, of course, Mr. Walton can come to you at any time. I will give him a message if you like. As for me, I shall not be unattended; my cousin, Joe Dimsdale, who travelled up with me yesterday, has promised to call and take me to the City. He—he has business there himself."

Mrs. Mansfield, who was secretly desirous of finding out what her niece's business with Mr. Walton might be, persisted for a few minutes, but finally had to give in, and was fortunately free from any suspicion as to the nature of Joe Dimsdale's business. She ended by remarking—

"I suppose you won't be very long; I understood that everything connected with your succession to the estate had been wound up, and surely Sutton is the proper person to deal with leases and all that sort of thing. What is the use of having an agent unless he takes such burdens off your shoulders?"

"There are some things which I think I ought to go into myself," answered Veronica disingenuously; "but I doubt whether I shall have to trouble Mr. Walton after to-day."

"Well, at all events," observed Mrs. Mansfield, giving utterance to the thought that was in her mind before she could stop herself, "Mr. Walton may be trusted to prevent you from doing anything rash or foolish. Indeed, there isn't very much that you can do now."

Veronica burst into one of her sudden, irrepressible laughs. She was not in a particularly merry mood; but the contrast between this misplaced confidence and the dismay with which Aunt Julia would subsequently learn of what rashness and foolishness she was still capable overpowered her for the moment. Luckily the entrance of the butler, who came to announce that a young gentleman was waiting for her at the door, enabled her to take to her heels without giving the explanation which Mrs. Mansfield's open eyes and mouth demanded.

"Jump in, Joseph!" she said, as she hurriedly entered the hansom beside which her cousin was standing. "Make haste, or we shall have Aunt Julia starting in pursuit. It has already begun to dawn upon her that I am up to no good."

"Leave her to me," returned Joe placidly; "I'll undertake to say that no old woman shall divert your humble servant from his purpose. When I once make up my mind to a thing I pretty generally contrive to carry it through."

Veronica thought that on the present occasion it was rather more a question of her mind and her purpose than her companion's, but she said nothing, and before they had been driven very far on their way it appeared that even the self-complacent Joe was not infallible.

"Confound it all!" he ejaculated suddenly, looking up from the pages of a note-book which he had been consulting. "Here's a nuisance! I say, Veronica, will it matter if we keep that old lawyer chap waiting a short time?"



"Oh, no; not that!" she answered, jumping up hastily and placing the chair between her and her interrogator.

"I don't suppose he will like it," answered Veronica; "but we shall be sure to find him at his office up to five o'clock in the afternoon, I believe. What is the matter?"

"It's awfully stupid of me; but I have got to see a man this morning, and if I don't go at once I shall miss him, because he was to leave town at half-past eleven. Would you mind waiting for me? I shan't be more than twenty minutes or half an hour at the outside."

Veronica did not mind waiting, but she did rather object to returning to South Audley Street, and when she suggested that she might sit in the hansom at his friend's door Joe declared decisively that that wouldn't do at all.

"I'll tell you what you might do," he said suddenly; "you might come to that chap's rooms where I'm staying and wait for me there. He always breakfasts at his club, so you'll have the place to yourself; and, even if he should turn up before I come back, it won't matter. He knows all about you."

Veronica assented more readily than most young ladies would have done to a proposal in which she saw nothing out of the way. Joe's host, she presumed, would be willing to give her shelter for a quarter of an hour, and she very much preferred being indebted to him for so ordinary an act of civility to risking a renewal of her conversation with Aunt Julia. For the rest, she was not at all likely to encounter that unknown gentleman. The snug little bachelor's apartment in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street into which she was presently conducted by Joe was, as he had anticipated that it would be, untenanted; and after she had been left there with an illustrated paper to while away the time, she amused herself by speculating upon what manner of man the usual occupier of the premises might be.

Evidently a sporting man, to judge by the prints, crayons, and water-colours with which the walls were covered, and which represented hunting and racing scenes alone. Nevertheless, a man who was not without refined tastes, nor even destitute of literary culture; for the furniture showed signs of having been carefully selected, the colours were subdued and well assorted, and upon the tables lay quite a large number of books such as sporting persons seldom trouble themselves to open. Some of these, it was true, looked suspiciously new, while the leaves of a few had not even been cut; but a book-marker was sticking in "Sartor Resartus," and that this work had been honestly perused, not merely skimmed through, was plain from the rumpled condition of its pages. Veronica picked up the volume and glanced at it with a smile, remembering how, in the days when Horace had been eager to profit by her instructions, she had placed it upon her list of books to be read, and how he had confessed that, although he found Carlyle splendid in certain passages, there were others over which he had cudgelled his brains in vain to discover what the writer was driving at. Poor Horace! he had always been modest, always sincere, always ready to give people whom he did not understand credit for knowing more than he did—which could hardly be said with truth for some of the authors with whose productions he had been invited to make himself acquainted. As much, assuredly, could not be said for Mr. Cyril Mostyn, a copy of whose "Essays on the Literature of the Victorian Era" lay close at hand. Still, it was rather presumptuous of Joseph's friend to have disfigured this standard work by scrawling a gross caricature of the famous poet and critic upon the flyleaf, and to have stigmatised the well-weighted exordium by scribbling "Conceited ass!" in pencil on the margin.

"This young gentleman wants taking down a peg," said Veronica to herself. "I almost wish he would come in, so that I might ask him what he means by it."

As if in answer to her hasty aspiration, the street door was slammed at that moment, and a step was heard ascending the staircase.

"Oh, here he comes!" thought Veronica. "Well, I shall certainly tell him that there are more conceited asses than one in the world, and that, whatever Mr. Mostyn may be in private life, his writings at least are entitled to respect."

But she said nothing of that sort when the rightful owner of the room which she had invaded and the book which she held in her hand stood before her, every feature of his face expressing the most profound amazement. What she did say was, "Good gracious! Do you live here?"

"Of course I live here," Horace Trevor replied. "But—but—"

"But you would be glad to know what I am doing here, I suppose," suggested Veronica, recovering her self-possession, as it dawned upon her that she had been made the subject of a wily stratagem. "It was Joe who brought me; he wanted me to wait a quarter of an hour for him somewhere, and he never mentioned that you were the friend with whom he was staying. No doubt he has done this on purpose, and I am sure he meant kindly. Indeed, it really was kind of him, for I was most anxious to see you again, Horace."

Horace did not look as if he had experienced any similar anxiety.

"Won't you sit down," he said stiffly. "I daresay Joe will be back presently. Of course, I shouldn't have come in if I had had the least idea that you were here."

"I will not be quarrelled with," returned Veronica resolutely. "I am quite ready to beg your pardon, if you think I ought—in a way, I think so myself. But you must know how miserable it has always made me to have supplanted you, and if you have any sense of justice at all, you cannot help admitting that I have tried my utmost to make restitution."

"And goodness knows," exclaimed Horace. "I have tried my utmost to convince you that there never was or could be any question of restitution in the matter! You wouldn't speak in that way if you knew how—how—well, I can't find any other word for it—how offensive it is to me!"

"Offensive is not a very pretty word to use, I must say," remarked Veronica, colouring slightly; "but, however offensive I may be, I am determined not to be offended;

and if you won't take the estate, Horace, and don't wish to take it—as I quite believe that you don't—why should you go on being angry with me?"

Horace bit his lip and made no immediate reply. At length he remarked: "I don't know whether you are capable of imagining yourself in my place—I suppose you aren't, or you would never have asked such a question. But don't you think it would make you a little bit angry if the man whom you love best in the world were to take it for granted that he could atone for having kicked you downstairs by offering you pecuniary compensation?"

"That is neither a fair nor a true way of putting it," Veronica returned. "You required no compensation for having been released from a woman who, as you and Dolly Cradock knew very well, could never have been formed into the sort of wife whom you ought to marry. It never entered into my head to offer you compensation. All I begged of you was to take the property which was already yours by rights, and which I myself care so little about that, in default of any other claimant, I have decided to make it over to Joe. Perhaps he has told you that he and I have come up to London for that purpose."

Horace nodded. "Yes, he told me last night what you were contemplating. I must confess I was surprised and sorry to hear of it. However, it is no affair of mine."

"It ought to be; only you won't allow it to be. You mean, of course, that you are sorry on my account, and that you think I am acting foolishly. That is what everybody will think, and I am quite prepared for censure and ridicule, and even scolding. But I don't see why I should be deserted by my friends because I am going to be poor, instead of rich, and I did hope that you would consent to be one of my friends, in spite of all."

"I am sure," answered Horace, a little softened by this appeal, though he was fully alive to its absurdity, "there can be nobody living who can be more anxious to serve you than I am, Veronica, and I wouldn't for the world have you think that I want to sulk; still, when you talk about friendship—well, honestly, I don't see how that is possible between you and me. Anyhow, I am certain that I could never be friends with your husband."

"But I haven't got a husband."

"You will have one soon. Unless, indeed, he is choked off by this sudden surrender of your fortune to a third person, as he very likely will be; for if ever there was a man who knew on which side his bread was buttered, it is the great and good Mr. Cyril Mostyn."

"If you have heard anything about Mr. Mostyn," said Veronica, "you must have heard that he has already been choked off, as you call it. Joe had no business to repeat that to you, though, after promising to hold his tongue."

"Joe hasn't mentioned the fellow's name to me. I wasn't so blind that I couldn't see what his little game was, and I am glad, for your sake, that he has given it up. All the same, I should like to take a running kick at him—which he deserves."

"I don't think that he deserves such treatment," said Veronica, laughing, as a rapid vision of Mr. Mostyn being propelled into space by the application of one of Horace's shooting-boots flashed before her. "He is no worse than everybody else. Everybody, except, perhaps, you and I, takes a very practical view of life when it comes to be a question of pounds shillings and pence. That is one reason why we ought to be able to shake hands."

Horace heaved a sigh. "Oh, I am ready to shake hands, if that's all," he answered.

"Only you won't forgive and forget."

"Yes, I will. At least I'll forgive. I won't forgive that fellow Joe, though—never was so disappointed in a boy in my life! My opinion is that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and so I've told him."

"But he is only taking Broxham to oblige me."

"Yes; that's what he has the impudence to say. But I can't quite swallow that story. He wouldn't have found shelter under this humble roof if I had known what his errand was, I can tell him! And, not content with collaring the land, he demands a big sum down in hard cash besides, I understand."

"Of course it sounds grasping," agreed Veronica; "but, as a matter of fact, the place can't be kept up without a sufficient income. I remember Lord Chippenham telling me that I should not find the whole fortune I had inherited at all too much."

"And do you mean to say that you are going to bestow all your fortune upon that young rascal?"

"Not the whole of it; I explained to him that I couldn't do that. We are going to talk things over with Mr. Walton now, and see how much can be spared."

"It is easy to foretell how this will end," remarked Horace lugubriously; "you will make a pauper of yourself, and nobody will thank you. Oh, Veronica, why couldn't you let things be! I am not good enough for you, and you don't care for me—that's an answer, of course. But at least I could have given you a home and protection; and certainly no one will ever love you more than I do."

"But are you quite sure that you do love me, Horace?" asked Veronica gently, after a pause. "Aunt Julia says—"

"Aunt Julia be hanged! I will tell you this, Veronica: I am as sure of loving you to my dying day as I am that it will never be in my power again to ask you to be my wife. No; not even if, by an impossibility, you should change your mind and come to care for me. For, as you say, one is bound to take a practical view of the pounds shillings and pence question, and my income is only just enough to keep a bachelor alive upon."

Veronica had seated herself in Horace's arm-chair, and was pressing her finger-tips together thoughtfully. There was something which she wanted to say—something which she had only at that moment realised that she ought, perhaps, to say. Yet it seemed doubtful whether she would not do a great deal better to hold her peace. The young man,

meanwhile, had walked to the window, and was standing, with his back turned towards her, staring out into the street.

"Horace," she began at length timidly, "I should like you to know the whole truth. I still think I did right to set you free; I still think that, if only Dolly Cradock could somehow have been put into my place, you would have been far happier with her than you ever could have been with me; I still see—I can't help seeing—that we are not suited to one another. But I know—and, if you will believe me, I never did know it until now—at least, not for certain, I have only had occasional sort of suspicions that it might be so—I know now that I should have been happy with you, in spite of all."

Horace darted back from the window like a hare, and stood before her with dilated eyes of amazement. "Veronica," he stammered, "do you know what you are saying? Do you really mean—"

"Oh, no; not that!" she answered, jumping up hastily and placing the chair between her and her interrogator; "pray don't imagine that I have changed my mind once more, and that I want to undo what has been done. Only I felt that I must tell you that—that—"

"That you love me, Veronica!"

"I don't think I was going to say quite that," answered Veronica, still edging away; "but it doesn't really matter. You must see yourself that, whatever you may wish for the moment, and however anxious you may be to do a dreadfully foolish thing, that chapter is closed. I can't go back from my word to Joe; I can't keep the property which I have promised to give up to him."

"Let him take it, and welcome!" cried Horace; "I'm sure I don't want the place, if you don't, and—I say, Veronica, I wish you wouldn't run about the room like that; you make me so giddy I can't speak!"

"It isn't in the least desirable that you should speak until you can talk rationally," answered Veronica; "but I will stop running about if you will be good enough to stand still and listen to me for one moment."

Horace at once became rigid and motionless. "All right," he answered; "I'm listening. Only it's sheer waste of time to repeat that we are not suited to one another. Let me remind you of what you said that afternoon in the library at Broxham. Our having nothing in common wouldn't have mattered, if you remember, according to you, so long as we were in love with one another."

"I may have said so, though I can't recollect it; but let me remind you of what you said not five minutes ago. It was never to be in your power again to ask me to be your wife, even if I came to care for you: because there wouldn't be money enough."

"Ah; but when I said that I made sure that you never would care for me. And, look here, Veronica—of course we should be awfully poor; but by putting our means together—and surely you have a right to keep a few hundreds a year for yourself—we should have enough to live upon. Are you so afraid of poverty?"

"Not for myself, perhaps; but I should be very much afraid of it for you. How long would you be happy, do you think, without even a horse to ride?"

"I should be happy," answered this infatuated young man decisively; "just as long as you were. Happiness for me means being with you, Veronica—that and nothing else. Of course, I'm fond of hunting, and you're fond of—well, poetry and literature and all that; but if I were told that I should never have another day with the hounds after marrying you I shouldn't wince—upon my word and honour I shouldn't. I'd pay that price and a longer one, too, without thinking twice about it. I wonder whether you would pay the price of living in a small house upon small means with an ignoramus who prefers a page of Jerrocks to all the volumes that Mr. Cyril Mostyn has ever turned out!"

Veronica looked at him with a smile, and he read in her eyes the answer which she still hesitated to return verbally. He advanced a few paces towards her, and this time she did not draw back. She only murmured, "I know it is all wrong! It is clean against reason and common-sense!"

"That's just the beauty of it!" cried Horace exultantly; "nobody will be able to accuse us now of marrying for any reason at all except the best of reasons."

And during the half-hour that followed it never occurred to either of these self-engrossed persons to wonder what had become of Joe Dimsdale, or to recollect the serious inconvenience to which a busy solicitor is apt to be put when his clients fail to keep their appointments.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FELICITATIONS.

Joe mounted the stairs very slowly, making a good deal of unnecessary noise about it, and met with great apparent difficulty in turning the door-handle. This youth may have had his faults; but it must be acknowledged that he was dowered with a foresight and discretion beyond his years. When he at length succeeded in effecting an entrance, Horace and Veronica were seated some little distance apart, and had the air of having been engaged in polite conversation. The former started up, shook his fist, and grinned; though he could not help looking a little foolish.

"You young ruffian!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by playing me such a trick as this, eh?"

"My dear Trevor," answered Joe, composedly, "that strikes me as a somewhat superfluous question. What I meant by it is precisely what has come of it—neither more nor less than that. As a general thing," added Joe, modestly, "I know what I mean; and what I mean I do. Sorry not to be able to say as much for certain other folks who shall be nameless."

Veronica rose and walked quickly across the room towards him, stretching out her arms.

"Dear Joseph!" she exclaimed, "you were right all

along, and I wish I had listened to you, instead of thinking that I knew better. And now—oh, how can I thank you!”

“Hi! Stop!—don’t do that!” shouted Joe, jumping back in much alarm. “I have a sincere respect for you, Veronica, but I don’t want to be kissed, thanks. That sort of thing isn’t done any longer in the best families, as you must be aware. In these days salutes are only bestowed upon people who aren’t blood relations.”

“You shall not be embraced, then, you rude boy!” returned Veronica, laughing. “I suppose there is no offence in my telling you that you are a darling, though. If you hadn’t played us this trick, as Horace rather ungratefully calls it, I don’t know what would have become of me! Perhaps I should never have found out that I wished to marry Horace, and almost certainly I should never have married him.”

Joe raised his eyebrows, dropped the corners of his mouth and whistled. “Hullo!” he ejaculated, “this is serious, this is! A reconciliation was all very well, and any little trouble that I may have been put to in bringing it about I should be

poor! So does Horace. I doubt whether he would have had anything to say to me if I had remained rich.”

“Really? Well, this ought to convince you, at all events, that he is a rather better chap than you took him for. Likewise it shows that even the very best judges may sometimes be deceived in a man. I must own that, after the way in which Trevor jumped down my throat last night, I should never have supposed that he wanted you to be poor. Why, there was hardly a bad name in the English language that he didn’t throw at my head!—and all because of my readiness to do you a favour!”

“Oh, well; we needn’t go into that,” said Horace, reddening a little. “I thought at the time that you ought not to have taken advantage of Veronica’s determination to impoverish herself; but circumstances alter cases, and, as I told you just now, her wishes are mine.”

“So I may take it that we have your full assent to the proposed arrangement?” observed Joe interrogatively.

Horace nodded. “Certainly you have,” he replied.

robber. My one consolation is that I have had a brilliant success. You can’t get rid of your property now, and neither of you can go on any longer indulging in ridiculous suspicions about the other. Now beg my pardon, please, and I’ll try to forgive you.”

As a matter of course, both Horace and Veronica declared that this would never do. They were quite willing, they said, to humble themselves in the dust before their benefactor, they even admitted that they had to some extent misjudged him; but they were clearly of opinion that the existing arrangement could not now be cancelled. There were many good reasons why it should be maintained, and these they proceeded to state, while Joe, having asked permission to light his pipe, threw himself down in an easy chair and listened with exemplary patience.

“Have you quite done?” he inquired at length.

“Yes, I believe so,” answered Horace; “if you don’t understand by this time what my position is, I can’t hope to make you,”



Joe, having asked permission to light his pipe, threw himself down in an easy chair and listened with exemplary patience.

the last to grudge; but a marriage—well, I don’t know so much about a marriage. I daresay you have settled it all very comfortably between you; but I should like to know what part I am expected to play in this touching final scene.”

“Why, the part that you have accepted, of course,” answered Veronica. “Did you think that I was going to display my gratitude by telling you that, after all, I had decided to keep Broxham for myself?”

“I must own that it wouldn’t have surprised me if you had, Veronica; the situation, you see, isn’t what it was. At the same time I must say that in my opinion a bargain ought to be a bargain, and although I was very anxious to see you and Trevor friends again, perhaps I shouldn’t have acted quite as I have done if I could have foreseen what advantage you would take of my little stratagem. How was I to foresee it when you both assured me again and again that you had done with one another for ever? You may say that I ought not to consider my own selfish interests; but—”

“But indeed, Joe,” protested Veronica, in a distressed voice, “we never for a moment contemplated breaking faith with you. Did we, Horace?”

“I am quite sure you never did, at any rate,” answered Horace, conscious that he had been unable to give his cordial approval to her plan of self-spoilation, “and your wishes are mine.”

“H’m!” grunted Joe, glancing from one to the other and stroking his chin meditatively; “I wonder whether you realise what this means, you two. I warned you from the first, you know, Veronica, that an estate without an income would be no good to me, and by the time that I have relieved you of what will be strictly necessary, you will be a poor woman, I am afraid. Mind, I sha’n’t complain if you decide to be off your bargain; I only say that half measures will be useless.”

“I am not dreaming of half measures,” Veronica declared. “I know well enough that I shall be poor, and I want to be

“That’s all right, then. What a funny thing that you should have become so indifferent to wealth all of a sudden and that I should have developed such a clear appreciation of its value! This is the result of falling in love, I suppose. Heaven grant that, when my time comes, I may not find it quite so expensive a luxury! Well, Veronica, how soon will it suit you to look up the patient Walton?”

“This moment, if you are ready,” answered Veronica with alacrity.

“I’m afraid we can’t go now.

Just look at the clock, and you will see that by the time we could reach Lincoln’s Inn Fields the good man would probably have gone out to get his lunch somewhere, cursing you for your unpunctuality. No; you had better make a fresh appointment with him, accompanied by a suitable apology; and, talking of apologies, this seems to be about as appropriate a moment as another for you and Trevor to go down upon your knees and beg my pardon.”

“What for?” asked Horace, who, to tell the truth, was not best pleased with Joe’s bantering tone.

“He wants to know what for, if you please! Here’s a nice sort of fellow to have for a friend! It never strikes him that he has been insulting me grossly by believing that I have been in earnest all this time; he doesn’t give me credit for having a particle of honesty or decency in my whole composition! I don’t so much wonder at Veronica; I have more than once had occasion to notice before now that, for a clever woman, she is quite amazingly devoid of ordinary intelligence. But I really did hope that you knew better, Trevor, than to mistake a young man of hitherto unblemished character for a highway

“Anything more to say, Veronica?”

Veronica signified that she also had exhausted her stock of convincing arguments.

“All right. Then let me tell you, my good friends, that I’ll see you at Jericho beyond Jordan before I comply with your cool request. I have already had the honour to inform one of you that I have no personal ambition to become a landowner, and what you propose to do is simply to thrust responsibilities upon me which properly belong to you, in order that you may have the right to swagger about your disinterestedness. Much obliged, but I don’t see it. It doesn’t make the slightest odds to me whether Broxham belongs to Mr. or Mrs. Horace Trevor. You had better fight out that question between you. All I know is that it will never be the property of Joseph Dimsdale, Esquire. At the same time, if you feel that you owe me some substantial acknowledgment of my services—and, not to affect mock modesty, I must say that I think you do—you might bear in mind what my real ambition is. As a land-agent, I believe that I should do justice to myself and my employers, and old Sutton is getting past his

work. Put me into old Sutton's berth, my dears, and all shall be forgiven. I accept your apologies, and I think that what you have gone through will serve as a lesson to you not to behave like absolute fools for the future."

They could hardly have escaped falling under that condemnation, had they offered any further resistance, and the condemnation (if such it were) which their friends and acquaintances did not fail subsequently to pass upon them of having been at once too wise, and too weak to hold out against the force of circumstances, was a thing to be borne with philosophy. Each knew what to think of the other; so that it was scarcely a subject for profound unhappiness that sundry persons should declare themselves incapable of knowing what to think Mrs. Mansfield, at all events, was not numbered among these bewildered outsiders.

"If you expect me to express the least astonishment, my dear," she said tranquilly to Veronica later in the day, "I am afraid I must disappoint you. I foresaw that you would come to your senses soon; and very much indebted you ought to feel to that young cousin of yours for having given you this opportunity. As for dear Horace, he has behaved quite a admirably throughout. Some people may call him lucky; but I shall always think the good luck is all on your side."

were marred by no faintest allusion to the circumstances under which he had parted from his fair correspondent; if an under-current of misgiving was perceptible in his harmonious periods, it was not of a nature to cause offence.

"For a man of my age," he remarked, "life can have no further surprise, illusions or disillusion, in store; but to you, who are as yet upon the mere threshold of experience, it is probable—even, I fear, certain—that troubles will come. Then you will instinctively fall back, as I have done many and many a time, upon art, the one unfailing, inexhaustible consolation. Then you will, perhaps, call to mind a few of the technical hints which it has been the greatest privilege of a veteran to convey to a neophyte. Is it too much to hope that then also you will think not unkindly of one who will ever remain your sincere and attached friend?"

Well, it was easy enough to think kindly of Mr. Mostyn, although, in Veronica's opinion, his technical instruction was very unlikely to be utilised after the fashion referred to. That she could ever stand in need of any other consolation than Horace could give her she did not believe, and that, even if she should, she would find it in the exercise of an art with which she had but played seemed to her in the last degree improbable. But

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Mr. Gore has written to the *Guardian* cordially welcoming the "Declaration on the Inspiration of Holy Scripture," and expressing the wish that it had been offered more impartially for signature. What, he says, is important, is that Churchmen of acknowledged weight and unquestioned orthodoxy recognise as coming up to the Catholic requirements a doctrine of inspiration which leaves the critical questions entirely open. This is clever of Mr. Gore—perhaps too clever for so high-minded a man. The promoters of the Declaration in all probability meant to condemn criticism.

Many will learn with much regret that the health of the popular Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Randall Davidson, does not improve. It has even been stated that he wishes to retire from his see; but this course would be earnestly deprecated.

The Rev. W. F. Cobb, B.D., has resigned the editorship of the *Illustrated Church News*. He has filled the somewhat difficult position with much ability and catholicity of spirit.

The Rev. H. R. Wakefield, Vicar of Sandgate, Kent, who has been appointed to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, is one of the comparatively few Liberals among the clergy. He has taken an active part in the



Photo by W. Erwin-Craig, 62, Cheapside.
MR. A. J. ALTMAN,
Chairman of Bridge House Estates Committee.



THE LATE SIR HORACE JONES,
Designer of the Tower Bridge.



Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.
MR. JOHN WOLFE BARRY,
Chief Engineer of the Tower Bridge.



MR. ALDERMAN FRANK GREEN,
Chairman of Bridge House Estates Committee, 1881.



Photo by Adrian Smythe, High Street, Putney.
MR. UNDER-SHERIFF BEARD,
Former Chairman of Bridge House Estates Committee.



Photo by Webster Bros., Bayswater.
MR. ARTHUR B. HUDSON,
Late Chairman of Bridge House Estates Committee.

OPENING OF THE TOWER BRIDGE: LEADERS OF THE ENTERPRISE.

A somewhat similar opinion was entertained and enunciated by Miss Dolly Craddock, who spared half an hour from the purchase of her trousseau to call in South Audley Street and congratulate her re-affiliated friend.

"There's no use in fighting against destiny," she was pleased to say; "if there were, I daresay I shouldn't be the future Mrs. Hornblower, and I daresay you wouldn't be the future Mrs. Trevor, my dear Veronica. But I don't complain of my destiny, and I'm sure you have no reason to complain of yours. It would have served you right to be taken at your word; but then, again, it would have been rather rough on him to be cut out of the estate. Don't try riding to hounds with him, though—if you'll accept a word of advice from a sincere well-wisher—and don't make him yawn his poor head off by reading poetry to him. Give him plenty of tether and you'll find him as good a little man as there is. The whole secret of matrimony, you may depend upon it, is to give as much as you can and take all you can get."

A much more gracefully worded form of felicitation reached Veronica from Paris, whence Mr. Cyril Mostyn wrote to give utterance to the mixed feelings with which he had heard of his pupil's last change of plans. A suggestion of mild melancholy pervaded a composition of which the phraseology left nothing to be desired, and which was in all respects a model of good taste. The writer evidently recognised that the time for warnings and remonstrances had gone by; he accepted the inevitable without indiscreet inquiry or comment; his good wishes were quite paternal in tone and

nobody's life can be written while he or she lives; and Veronica, having a sound constitution, may be expected to live for a great many years yet.

THE END.

NEW STORY BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

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rehabilitation of Sandgate after the unfortunate landslip, and has been interested in the development of the Church Lads' Brigade.

To the July number of the *Expositor* Mr. Benjamin Kidd, author of "Social Evolution," contributes an article on Professor Henry Drummond's book, "The Ascent of Man." Mr. Kidd's judgment is, on the whole, favourable, but he is not convinced by Professor Drummond's attempt to put evolution on an altruistic basis. Both Mr. Kidd's book and Mr. Drummond's are selling well, but the real pecuniary successes in literature at present are morbid novels. They are bought up with extraordinary eagerness.

Bishop Westcott preached one of his finest sermons at Cambridge recently on the Vision of God. He gave it as his view that we were on the eve of a fresh manifestation of spiritual power. He condemned the "eager questioning of the unseen, the vain strivings to make spiritual things real by material embodiment."

The Bishop of Winchester says that the position of things with respect to the incomes of the English clergy is overshadowed with a good deal of gloom. If Disestablishment takes place, he does not quite see how the present system of a married clergy can go on. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, who was present with the Bishop, said that they in Scotland had also suffered greatly from the diminution of the incomes of the clergy.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Browne, President of Maynooth College, has been selected by the Pope as Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne.

THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE, OPENED JUNE 30.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

NORTH TOWER: VIEW FROM SOUTHERN ABUTMENT.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

VIEW FROM SOUTH TOWER, SHOWING BRIDGE WITH BASCULES DOWN FOR TRAFFIC OF VEHICLES.



Photo by Valentine.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH-WEST, WITH BASCULES UP FOR SHIPS TO PASS,

THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE.



Photo by the Stereoscopic Co.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH-WEST, SHOWING BASCULES PARTLY LOWERED.



2694. TOWER BRIDGE.

Photo by Valentine.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH-WEST, SHOWING BASCULES LOWERED.

THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE.

The magnificent and most useful structure which was opened for public accommodation on Saturday, June 30, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty the Queen, has been eight years in progress. Long before June 21, 1886, when the Prince of Wales laid the foundation of the Tower Bridge, there had been much discussion of the best means of relieving the immense traffic across the Thames between the southern and northern sides, augmented by the large contributions from the Brighton and South-Eastern Railways. The Bridge House Estates Committee of the City Corporation came forward, and, adopting the grand conception of a bascule bridge designed by the City architect, the late Sir Horace Jones, devoted the sum of £750,000 to its erection, with some further yearly grants for the maintenance of its engine and hydraulic power and lifts. Mr. John Wolfe Barry having been associated with the undertaking as engineer, work has gone forward uninterruptedly. Two contracts were taken by Mr. Jackson for the foundations of the piers and the northern approach, and that for the southern approach by Mr. Webster; also contracts by Sir William Arrol and Co., the builders of the Forth Bridge, for the steel structure; and for the machinery by Sir William Armstrong and Co. The masonry of the towers was undertaken by Messrs. Perry.

The total length of the bridge, which is level from one abutment to the other, is 940 ft., while the centre of the river is left open for a waterway for ships available at all times for their passage, and never to be closed against them except for a few minutes whilst vehicles are crossing the



Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE: UPPER PASSENGER FOOTBRIDGE, 140 FEET ABOVE HIGH WATER.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE: APPROACH TO SOUTH TOWER.

bridge. This central waterway, or "opening span," is 200 ft. wide from the two buttresses, or piers, one on each side, which carry two lofty towers. At the upper part of these towers there is a light but substantial lattice bridge for foot-passengers at a height of 140 ft. above high water; and from the towers are laid the suspension girders, one to the north and one to the south abutment. These girders support the fixed portions of the low-level bridge, between the piers of the towers and the shores on each side of the river, so as to cover the two side spans, 270 ft. in length; the clear headway from high water to underside of these spans being 27 ft. At each abutment is a shorter tower, over which the suspension chains are passed, and are anchored some 40 ft. deep in enormous blocks of concrete in the ground beyond. It will be seen, therefore, that the only portion of the bridge which opens is the bascule portion over the central waterway. This consists of two leaves of iron roadway, each 100 ft. long, and about 50 ft. wide. Each leaf or bascule is pivotted on a huge steel pivot shaft, 34 in. in diameter, extending from side to side of the roadway on the pier. The pier roadway is carried on eight longitudinal

girders, and the roadway of the bascule leaf is carried on four girders, which pass in interspaces of the eight girders. These four girders are prolonged 46 ft. beyond the pivot-shaft, and their shorter ends have been loaded to a counterpoise with the bascule itself. Pinions on shafts connected to the hydraulic engines are arranged to work against rack-quadrants, and the leaf can be raised vertically, or lowered horizontally, steadily, and under perfect control. To provide due security there are two hydraulic engines—one for general service and the other for use in boisterous weather. These bascules have the like construction on both piers.

The sinking of the foundations of the piers and the building of the masonry superstructure above water have involved very interesting operations. The depth of water on the sites of the two piers is about 33 ft. from high-water datum to the river bed. To secure adequate foundations, iron caissons, each about 12 ft. square, were placed in a row, with 2½ ft. spaces between each caisson, and at each end was one of angled form. Such a series of caissons provided for one side of the pier. A similar series, 2½ ft. apart, was provided for the other side. Timber piles were

next driven down in the 2½ ft. interspaces, and the plates were removed from the contiguous sides of the caissons. The whole then became an iron dam, from which the interior core of gravel and soil was cleared out by divers and by a Priestman mechanical digger; then, at over 27 ft. depth in the river bed, the dam was underpinned and an infilling of concrete was made to a height of 19 ft. Above this were laid courses of blue bricks and then of granite masonry set back ten or more feet to form the visible base of the tower, being 70 ft. in length and 34 ft. across. From this platform of masonry rise on each pier four enormous hollow steel columns, which are carried up 100 ft. or more, to the height of the underside of the high-level footbridge, 140 ft. above high water. The cross girders, with the huge suspension girders, being attached to the columns, bind together the whole of the steel and iron work from side to side of the river. The architectural masonry rises from the same platform as the steel columns, and has been filled in between the steelwork; a great portion of it is borne upon the floor-girders. Altogether, the pinnacles and architectural details attain a height some 60 or 70 ft. above the footbridge. The carrying of this high-level lattice bridge across a gap of 200 ft. by treating its top and bottom rails as booms is, in its way, a remarkable achievement. The boilers and two steam-pumping engines have been erected on the shore side of the southern abutment; they are each of 360-horse power. The hydraulic pressure here obtained is connected by pipes with six accumulators, calculated to maintain a pressure on the hydraulic engines of 1000 lb. on the square inch; but the pressure will ordinarily be used at 700 lb. Two of these accumulators are placed in the southern abutment and two in convenient chambers in each pier. Their duty, besides raising or lowering the bascules, is to work a passenger lift in each tower, some 14 ft. by 6 ft. in size, capable of elevating thirty persons, and there is also a staircase. As an engineering combination great ingenuity is shown in the contrivance of the Tower Bridge.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE.



THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.

OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

SCIENCE AND DEMONOLOGY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

There are moments, I confess, when it seems to me that we place science on too high a pedestal. By "science," of course, I do not mean knowledge "in the abstract"; but just the opinion, or *obiter dictum*, of this, that, or the other scientific gentleman. In England, when people say "science" they commonly mean an article by Professor Huxley in the *Nineteenth Century*. The learned Professor has lately collected in "Science and Christian Tradition" (Macmillan) a number of his Homeric combats with Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, battles waged over such themes as demonology and coral islands. About coral islands, "I'm no caring," as the Scotch say, but about demonology it is notoriously different. "Demonology is doomed," says Professor Huxley (p. 347). Now, in 1858, M. Littré wrote, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, an essay in which he said that the study of demoniacal affections had, as yet, scarcely been sketched out. M. Littré was a considerable man of science, and his notable scepticism stood in the way of his election to the French Academy.

About "demoniacal affections" he gave forth a very uncertain sound, as was natural and right, seeing that the subject had never, in his opinion, been properly investigated. If, in the thirty-six years that have intervened, science has completed what, in Littré's time, was a mere sketch, I wish I could be informed about the works in which the task is done, and about the new researches on the strength of which demonology is "doomed." My difficulty is increased by another saying of Professor Huxley's (pp. 391, 392). He has been warring with Mr. Gladstone, and quotes a criticism of that philosopher's "grossest exaggerations," his "arguments based upon the slightest hypotheses," and so remarkable for their "intrinsic hollowness." The critic was Mr. A. J. Balfour. Mr. Balfour, cries Mr. Huxley, "has science in the blood" (which Mr. Gladstone has not), "and has the advantage of a natural, as well as a highly cultivated, aptitude for the use of methods of precision in investigation."

Très bien. But then Mr. Balfour, with science in his blood, does not seem to hold that demonology is doomed. On the contrary, he is president of a society for the investigation of demonology, among other matters; and I gather, from a summary of his speech to the society, that he "thinks there is something in it." If this be so, Science, in the blood too, has not spoken her last word on demonology from the lips of Professor Huxley.

This might be gratifying to the superstitious, but if we turn to a scientific believer in demonology, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, I fear that we are but little comforted. Science is, no doubt, in Mr. Wallace's blood, and, as to original investigation and discovery, I am given to understand that he has done more than Professor Huxley, for the Professor's "Bathybius" is scratched out of all his engagements. Now, Mr. Wallace, in 1875, wrote a little work on "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," where we might expect an application of "methods of precision" to the theme. But we are sadly disappointed. Mr. Wallace writes (p. 7): "Lord Orrery and Mr. Valentine Greatrakes both informed Dr. Henry More and Mr. Glanvil that, at Lord Conway's house at Ragley, in Ireland (!), a gentleman's butler, in their presence and in broad daylight, rose into the air and floated about the room above their heads. This is related by Glanvil in his 'Sadducismus Triumphatus.'"

I am sorry to contradict a man of science on a matter of easily ascertainable fact, but Mr. Wallace is wrong.

Ragley is so far from being "in Ireland" that Greatrakes was brought over from Ireland, at very considerable expense, to heal Lady Conway, in which he failed. The gentleman's butler floated at Lord Orrery's house in Ireland. He had gone out of a Sunday to buy playing-cards, he met the fairies, and it was they who made him float in the air, after Lord Orrery took him in, to protect him from "the good people." Mr. Wallace states incompletely and very inaccurately facts which we may pardon Professor Huxley for discarding. Now, surely we do expect science, in one of its most distinguished votaries, to tell a plain tale correctly. Mr. Wallace may have read "Sadducismus Triumphatus," but in other cases he takes his facts at second hand from Mr. Dale Owen, in place of

brain, as most people would naturally do; but Mr. Wallace urges that "race, nation, education, lifelong habits and associations and ideas being *all* different," the explanation of identity of hallucination, as caused by identity of cerebral disease, is very inadequate. It seems adequate enough, granting that the patients are really mad. Of course a mad Australian black will not talk of galvanic batteries, but about "invisible enemies" he will talk, and explain his morbid sensations, perhaps, by invisible boomerangs. Differing from Mr. Lewes, Mr. Wallace would apparently regard the "so-called spectral" as "often actual, objective forms." The maniacs, on this theory, are sane enough, though terrified by "invisible enemies," which are "actual." Surely a "mad doctor" should know a mad-

man by this time when he sees one, though perhaps the public has reason to be sceptical about that point. However (p. 196), Mr. Wallace thinks that "perhaps" the eternal Nicolai, of Berlin, "saw real things, after all," and that, had photography been invented, they might have been photographed! Clearly, if Mr. Wallace thinks that, the scientific thing to do is to photograph madmen who see hallucinatory foes or friends. There is no lack of subjects! Again, after Nicolai had been let blood, as was his custom, and became easier in his mind (which had been agitated) he did not see his spectral friends any more. It will hardly be argued that they only appeared, if they were actual objective beings, while he was ill and troubled in spirit, departing when he took his usual medical precautions. These methods of precision seem to lack preciseness, which leads to the conclusion that on both sides of this question men of science may be unscientific.

Mr. Wallace mentions one fact to which I can give him a pleasing parallel. He speaks of a lady medium whose chair was drawn away from her, apparently by spiritual power. Now, according to Mrs. Parsons's "Life of Saint Colette," the nuns would see the saint's chair dragged away as by an invisible schoolboy, and the saint come a cropper. "He often treats me so," said St. Colette, as she got up and rubbed the part affected. Saint Colette, who founded the Clarisses, or Poor Clares, in France, lived about 1485-1545, roughly speaking, which shows that the schoolboy trick is an old one of the Enemy's. The saint so often floated in the air at Mass that the service had to be conducted privately for her, as the spectacle of her elevation disturbed the minds of the faithful. Unluckily, Professor Huxley will only say "Fudge!" also "Sludge!" and he rejects poor old Sludge's performance, without, perhaps, explaining why many honourable and living men say that they witnessed it. Yet some of these, too, "have science in their blood."

OLD MORAVIAN CHAPEL.

In Fetter Lane was one of the eight Dissenting conventicles first tolerated for Dissenting worship. Its pastors in the seventeenth century were Mr. Lobb, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Thankful Owen, who in the Puritan Commonwealth had been President of St. John's College, Oxford. They were among the "ejected" clergymen of the "Restoration" under Charles II. in 1660. Baxter preached the morning sermon at this meeting-house from 1672 to 1682. In the next generation, a devout young nobleman, Count Zinzendorf, born at Dresden, was freely spending his labours and the remnant of his fortune on evangelical religion. He invited two brotherhoods of Moravians, victims of persecution, to settle on his estate in Saxony, which he called "Herrnhut." There is a branch still existing at Zeist, near Utrecht, a community of Protestant monks and nuns, and a school at Neuwied, on the Rhine. Wesley met Zinzendorf in America, and encouraged him to form a congregation in London.



going to the very accessible original authorities. These authorities are infinitely more valuable for his purpose, and Mr. Dale Owen gives a very inadequate summary of their contents. Thus, on this side, science, in the person of Mr. Wallace, has not applied the ordinary historical "methods of precision."

To a mere looker-on, Mr. Wallace seems to exhibit the same unscientific method in another curious question. Mr. G. H. Lewes, in "Problems of Life and Mind," remarked on a most interesting theme—the identity of hallucinations among the insane, in England and Germany and in all ranks of life. All believe in "invisible enemies," who "strike them with galvanic batteries hidden under the table," and so on. If I am not misinformed, a not uncommon symptom of epilepsy is the vision of a person in red, who strikes down the patient. Mr. Lewes explains the identity of hallucination by "identity of congestion" of the

first tolerated for Dissenting worship. Its pastors in the seventeenth century were Mr. Lobb, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Thankful Owen, who in the Puritan Commonwealth had been President of St. John's College, Oxford. They were among the "ejected" clergymen of the "Restoration" under Charles II. in 1660. Baxter preached the morning sermon at this meeting-house from 1672 to 1682. In the next generation, a devout young nobleman, Count Zinzendorf, born at Dresden, was freely spending his labours and the remnant of his fortune on evangelical religion. He invited two brotherhoods of Moravians, victims of persecution, to settle on his estate in Saxony, which he called "Herrnhut." There is a branch still existing at Zeist, near Utrecht, a community of Protestant monks and nuns, and a school at Neuwied, on the Rhine. Wesley met Zinzendorf in America, and encouraged him to form a congregation in London.



JUNE 23, 1894.



Presentation of our Future King to the Right Hon. the Home Secretary, who Represented the British Empire on this Auspicious and Historical Occasion.

This Drawing was made by the Gracious Permission and under the Direct Supervision of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

THE BLACK PLAGUE IN CHINA.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I happened to be in China last year at the celebration of the New Year, and to have visited both Hong-Kong and Canton when the Chinese quarters are a veritable pandemonium with cracker-firing, shouting, processions, and every form of heathen superstition designed to drive away the Evil One. The gaudy temples, crowded with hideous idols, are crammed to suffocation with the filthiest of coolies. The streets, reeking with pestilence, give forth as well a curious odour of musky scent and spring flowers, for the Chinese adorn their houses with almond and peach blossom, daffodils and violets, and place spring flowers on every home altar in honour of the New Year. Well can I understand how this wild merriment, this hideous noise, this incessant bang-banging of crackers, are aggravated by the grim terrors of a fearful pestilence and the howling of the heathen over their dead.

Let me take Canton first, because there the plague started—and who can wonder at it? Each Chinese city is divided into two quarters, the European quarter, which is civilised, well drained, with charming houses, cosy clubs, churches, merchants' offices, and all the signs of advanced civilisation. But there is also, barred off by gates and separated by bridges, the Chinese quarter, which in Canton almost baffles description. Picture an enormous city of tortuous lanes and alleys never wider than six or seven yards across, alleys flanked with enormous houses and shops and gaudy signboards that block out what little light there is, miserable open-guttered pathways reeking with offal and ordure, shops with skinned rats openly exposed for sale, an execution-ground or "potters' field," stained with human blood not yet dry under our feet, and piles of dead Chinamen's heads rotting in the corner before they are potted in huge jars for burial! Add to all this dazzle of colour and foul conglomeration of stenches that no European can conceive, crowds so dense and dirty that your sedan-chair can scarcely force its way through the people, and you will not be surprised that at last a



WEST POINT, HONG-KONG (DENSELY POPULATED), WHERE THE PLAGUE FIRST APPEARED.

crackers morning, noon, and night, filling the streets and lanes with an odour of gunpowder and scraps of coloured

playing cards or smoking opium. No work is done. The natives give themselves up to drink, smoke, and dissipation. It was at New Year's time that I went across the harbour to Kowlong, where again, adjacent to the European quarter, is a frowsy gambling establishment. The boat on which I crossed the bay, being a native conveyance, almost made me sick, what with the rancid oil and grease on the women's heads and the beastly condition of the men's pig-tails and clothing. The Kursaal of Kowlong is situated in a dirty undrained quarter, surrounded by open sewers and pigstyes. I can scarcely describe the sickening smell that seizes upon you and gives you a nausea that seems to cling to you for days. The nausea derived from a visit to the stock-yards of Chicago is inevitable. A scentless destruction of thousands of pigs and oxen is impossible, and it would be fastidious to complain of the faint, sickly odour caused by the manufacture of tons of oleo-margarine. But no smell ever conceived by a European nose ever came near the horrors of the Chinese quarters of Hong-Kong and Canton, or the surroundings of the dirty den where the gamblers assemble to play "fan-tan," oblivious of the danger of insanitation. A hundred times when visiting these native quarters—not quite so bad at Shanghai, where the European has more influence—I wondered when the Dirt Pest would come. It has come now with a vengeance; but what is to be done with such an ignorant and superstitious people? I can well imagine the scare at lovely Hong-Kong: trade paralysed, death staring the European in the face, brave bluejackets volunteering to take off the sick and help to bury the pestilential dead, Sisters of Mercy and Charity going with their lives in their hands to the most infected districts—every European doing his utmost to help the Heathen Chinese dying from sheer obstinacy and pig-headed pride. But, wending your way down the lovely green hill of Hong-Kong, you will see over in the Chinese quarter such a blaze of gunpowder and such incessant detonation that you might well imagine Hong-Kong was in a state of siege. Not so. The ignorant Chinaman is trying to exorcise the "death devil" by firing crackers, blazing away with fireworks, yelling and ululating, running away from the dead and leaving the poor bodies to aggravate the pestilence, and cursing the "foreign devil," instead of borrowing from him a few drain-pipes and a consignment of chloride of lime!



THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN THE ENGLISH QUARTER, HONG-KONG.

dirt plague has devastated the Chinese quarter at Canton. The Chinese are the most impracticable and superstitious people in the world. There is no love existing between the native and the European. Only within the last few years was it possible to visit the Chinese quarters in safety. Even now in Canton they hustle and spit at Englishwomen in the daytime and jeer and gibe at Englishmen. After night-fall no European would dare to be within the Chinese gates unprotected. They trade with the Europeans, but they do not love them; they suffer them to barter at their shops, but the heathen has no other common cause with the civilised Christian. In fact, the English and Chinese quarters are as distinct as if they were separated by thousands of miles. I heard an English official at Canton say that he had not been within the Chinese gates once in ten years! How, then, should John Chinaman know anything about drainage or sanitation, or care to supply either, when at this period of the nineteenth century he believes that the "death devil" can be averted by firing off crackers, sacrificing to idols, and burning gunpowder! When I was at Canton last year the coolies were dying by the hundred of bitter cold and starvation. This year they are dying by the thousand of the Black Plague.

It started at Canton, but it was soon drifted down the river to Hong-Kong, one of the loveliest islands in the wide world. I saw nothing more beautiful anywhere than the Hong-Kong harbour, with its land-locked bays and terraced hills, its lovely palaces and villas, its wide, well-drained streets, full of well-appointed sedan-chairs and costumed bearers; its club, its racecourse, its excellent hotel, and its air of pride and opulence. But this is all due to European capital and influence. Within a stone's-throw of this wealth and prosperity, this trade and banking and merchandise, you will find filth and abomination quite as bad, if not worse, than at Canton. Here you have the same narrow, crowded streets, the same festering population, the same ignorance of sanitary laws and cleanliness, the same obstinate indifference to the influence of European decency and order. John Chinaman, heathen in his religion, filthy in his practices, a confirmed lover of dirt, and apparently destitute of any sense of smell, is also a born gambler. At New Year's time, when he is not firing off

paper, when he is not sacrificing at the temple or praying to Mumbo Jumbo, he is locked up in his frowsy home



CENTRE OF THE CHINESE QUARTER, HONG-KONG.

ART NOTES.

The interesting collection of Troyon's pictures at the Goupil Gallery gives an opportunity of studying the work of the least obtrusive and perhaps the sweetest of modern French artists. He was not counted among the painters of the Barbizon School, which subsequently attracted so much attention; he took no active part in the revolt of the Romantics. Born at Sèvres, he lived the best years of his life in Paris, and found inspiration in the beauties of nature which were within his reach—"The Heights of Suresne," "The Valley of La Touques," and "The Mill of Montmartre" were among his masterpieces. He established himself in Paris in 1842. French landscape painting, under the impulse of Constable, had produced Dupré, Iluet, Rousseau, Cabat, and others, who had thrown aside the mannerisms which threatened to extinguish its existence. Of Troyon and his pictures it has been truly said that neither the one nor the other left materials for history. The latter for the first few years were entirely neglected by the public, and it was not until he had obtained in 1849, thanks to the insistence of M. Charles Blanc, then director of Fine Arts, the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, that his merits were recognised by the public. His forte lay in domestic landscape; he brought into fashion peasant women in cotton dresses, farmers' wives in the poultry-yard, or labourers in the fields, as he met with them just outside the walls of Paris. Truth and simplicity were his watchwords, and he reached a level of simple pastoral poetry, which his careful appreciation of the surroundings of his groups intensified. The tone of his skies is generally grey and vaporous, but always rendered in a way to bring out the qualities of the green pastures, the ancestral trees, and especially the cattle and sheep, with which his pictures deal not as mere accessories to the landscape, but as its dominant incidents. His chief strength lies in his rendering of the atmosphere and light in which his figures are bathed, and this quality redeems the drawing, which is often heavy and overloaded.

The Society of the "Aquarellistes Français" make a goodly show at the Hanover Gallery (Bond Street), and those who care to compare foreign methods with our own may find here an excellent opportunity. The French water-colour painters have an innate delicacy of touch as well as a distinct attraction towards effects of colour. It is therefore natural that they should turn rather to figure subjects than to landscape to display their skill. Artists of all tastes, from Georges Clairin, the illustrator of *Algiers and the East*, to Lori Luigi, who finds inspiration in the streets of Paris, and Gaston Bethune, who pays a similar compliment to London, alike rely upon the wayfarers to give tone to their work; and it must be admitted that it is, as a rule, more interesting than the more pure landscapes of Georges Claude, whose minute studies of Bordighera are nevertheless very brilliant and attractive. Rochegrosso and Adrien Moreau, well known as painters in oils, are scarcely as successful in water-colours. Their style is wanting in that apparent simplicity of composition which in our insular eyes is so essential. The real treat of the exhibition, however, is the dozen pictures by Boutet de Monvel—one of the most original and at the same time most delectable of



A YOUNG GIRL, BY GREUZE.—Adrian Hope Collection.



ILLUSTRATION TO EURIPIDES' TRAGEDY OF "ALCESTIS," BY RUBENS.—Adrian Hope Collection.

modern French artists. His studies of children and animals are not only humorous but full of delicate suggestion, his portraits of young girls are charming, and his satires upon contemporary politicians keen and telling. As a colourist he stands apart from the great majority of his rivals, and reminds one rather of the sensibility of Pavis de Chavaunes than of the brilliancy of his master, Carolus Duran. As a draughtsman he is surpassed by few; and even when his fancy, or even his perversity, leads his art by devious ways, he is always true to life and a faithful follower of nature. There are many other names of note among the French aquarellistes besides those of whom mention has been made, and a visit to the Hanover Gallery will reveal to many the names and the art of some of the most talented members of the society.

The great picture sale of the season takes place on June 30, and the result will show how far depression has spread to the ranks of those who purchase pictures, either as investments or for pleasure. Mr. Adrian Hope's collection, which must not be confounded with the celebrated Deepdene Gallery, bears marks of the same dominant preference for pictures of the Dutch school. It contains, moreover, some masterpieces which will bear comparison with the best works of their respective masters in any public or private gallery at home or abroad. Our own National Gallery is so rich in Dutch pictures that there will be little disposition on the part of the trustees to enter the lists; but the young girl by Greuze is so brilliant a specimen of that French painter that it would be a pity to allow it to cross the Channel after nearly a century's domicile in this country. The portrait of an officer by Van der Helst, although without a

history, carries conviction on its face. The charming interior by Pieter de Hoogh has already passed through Messrs. Christie's hands on more than one occasion, and was purchased by the late Mr. Adrian Hope about thirty years ago. The seated figure by Thomas de Keyser is one of the most brilliant specimens of this master's work, and if no other Dutch picture were bid for by the trustees an exception should be made in favour of this, and some others might wish to go a step further and put in a claim for the seated lady by Palamedes, an artist unrepresented in Trafalgar Square but highly sought after by Dutch connoisseurs.

Great credit is due to Messrs. Christie for the admirable manner in which the illustrated catalogue of the Hope collection has been prepared. From the specimens given on this page it will be seen that the process of reproduction has been carried out with scrupulous care. Moreover, every one of the seventy-five pictures has been included, so that although the Hope collection is dispersed, it will be quite possible for future writers upon the art collections of this century to realise the tastes and opportunities of the collector. If some such method had been adopted only twenty years ago, we should now possess the best means of tracing the rise and fall of some of the most noteworthy picture galleries in this country, and future writers would be able to discuss how far the private collector fulfilled a public duty in keeping together works of art at a time when the State or the municipality was unwilling to purchase them for the public benefit.



LANDSCAPE BY CUYP.—Adrian Hope Collection.



THE GREAT FIRE IN TABERNAACLE STREET, FINSBURY, THURSDAY, JUNE 21.

From a Photograph by Mr. E. Smith, Cheapside.

On Thursday evening, June 21, one of the most destructive fires in London of late years took place in Tabernaacle Street, Finsbury, between the City Road and Old Street, Hoxton, not far from the Shoreditch railway station. It began probably on the premises, Nos. 66 and 68, of Messrs. W. Angus and Co., American merchants, and spread to those adjoining, occupied by Messrs. Lebus, Harris, and Co., cabinet-makers, Messrs. Howes Brothers, rope and twine manufacturers;

Messrs. Story and Clark, organ-builders; Mr. C. F. Marriner, bedstead-maker; and to buildings in Whitfield Street, Paradise Street, Platina Yard, Paul Street, and Leonard Street. Large factories and warehouses of five or six floors, with their contents, were entirely burnt out, and nearly thirty different establishments were seriously damaged in less than three hours. The fire was not subdued until after midnight, though forty steam fire-engines, besides manual

engines, and three hundred men of the London Fire Brigade were actively employed. It was shortly after nine o'clock when the fire began, so that the various work-people on the premises, altogether more than two thousand, had gone home, and there was happily no loss of life. But they will suffer much distress from being thrown out of work. The loss of property amounts to hundreds of thousands of pounds, mostly insured.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A matter which it seems to me possesses at once a very practical and scientific interest is being discussed as I write, in the pages of a medical contemporary. The discussion concerns the prevalence of cancerous diseases in certain houses. I italicise these words, because the gist of the matter is the question whether there is any condition, influence, or tendency, call it what we will, which favours the recurrence of cancer in certain houses, the patients who successively exhibit the disease being not specially liable to the ailment in so far as could be ascertained, and, what is much more to the point, not related in any way. Let us, however, first review the evidence.

Here is case one: A certain house in a London suburb had for a tenant a lady whom we will call Miss A, aged forty-five. She died of cancer in 1884, after a residence there of thirteen years. Then succeeds Miss B, a lady aged forty-seven, who took up A's work, and occupied the bed-room of A. B had lived in the house for twenty years; she died of cancer of the liver in October 1885. Both A and B, it may be mentioned, were housekeepers in this business place. Then succeeded a Mrs. C, who had lived in the house for eight years, to occupy the situation and bed-room of B (and A). Mrs. C died of cancer in 1893. Now comes a very important bit of testimony. Each patient appeared to be in perfect health until she succeeded to the housekeeper's office and to the housekeeper's bed-room. No blood-relationship existed between the three, but one of the sons of the house (a nephew of Miss B) has suffered from a form of cancerous growth which has been thrice removed by operation.

Other cases follow in succession. At Ashburton, Derbyshire, we are told of a house, damp in character, wherein four persons became affected with cancer in fourteen years. Three successive tenants of a house in Buckland Brewer died of cancer. A lady who visited the last of the tenants of this house died of cancer. She was not related to the patient. Then the niece of this lady, a girl of fourteen, nurses and sleeps with her, and the girl develops cancer of the breast. In Lyons a house exists on the banks of the Saône. In 1873 the owner, aged eighty, living on the first floor, died of cancer. A tailor aged forty-five, living on the entresol, died of this disease four years later. The porter, "a healthy old soldier," aged fifty-five, died three years later of cancer; and finally, a man aged thirty-five, living on the second floor, two years after the porter's death perished from the disease. In ten years no fewer than four persons died of cancer in this house. It is added that no death from any other cause occurred during this period.

Further evidence is given as follows: A night-watchman, aged fifty, died of cancer. A man aged fifty-four succeeded to his work (and house). Within two years he perished of a cancerous ailment. Next, a man aged sixty filled the post, and occupied the same house. In eighteen months he also succumbed to cancer. It is clearly stated that no blood relationship, in the least indicative or suggestive of inheritance of the disease from a common source, existed between the three men; nor was there any history of individual inheritance, and previously to the attack all three were apparently strong and healthy. Their conditions of housing and work were precisely the same, and in all three cases the disease ran a rapid course. The house itself was one of a row of workmen's houses, and it is stated that it was built of brick on the slope of a hill, and though somewhat damp, was "otherwise clean and healthy."

Now, discussing these cases as a matter of ordinary science and as a question of deep public interest, the first remark one might make is that apparently it is a fact that, given like conditions of air, soil, or water, or all three combined, cancerous disease seems apt to attack persons not related to one another and who may be of widely different physical constitution. The argument here would point to a common condition favouring (or causing) the disease, such condition being, of course, an unknown quantity as things are. If I mistake not, dampness is a condition which is believed to favour cancerous development, as it certainly favours the appearance of consumption; and various soils have been credited with a greater likelihood of favouring cancer than others.

We know of no definite or certain microbe or parasite as associated with cancer, so that, at present, if science is working very hard, it is working in the dark regarding the exact and specific cause of the ailment. In this respect, cancer is different from consumption. There we have a well-known germ; its life history has been studied; we know how its dried spores possess infinite capabilities of living on and of causing infection; and we can account in a rational fashion for the conveyance of consumption from those who are sick to those who are well. If there is a specific germ connected with cancer, as recent researches tend to suggest, may it not be that, like the germ of tetanus (or lockjaw), this cancer microbe lives in the soil, and in a damp soil preferably, and that in certain conditions of soil or air it remains in a dwelling to infect and reinfect successive occupants? I do not suppose anybody regards cancer as infectious from person to person. Moreover, there is one other point not to be missed in this recital. The cancerous troubles appearing in the various persons whose histories I have detailed did not necessarily affect each person in the same way. In one it appeared in the liver, in another in the stomach, and so on. I regard this latter fact as indicating that probably a common cause originated the disease, while the individual peculiarities determined the exact mode of its appearance and development.

Pending further light on this national question—for it really is a national and public matter—there is one thing to be done. If nowadays we disinfect houses and rooms in cases of consumption, and attend to the personal hygiene of the consumptive patient, it is clear the least we can do is to practise the same disinfection in cases of cancer. This is one preventive measure well within our grasp, and we should see, as a matter of public health, that it is duly and carefully carried out.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W H G (Bristol).—It is certainly allowable, but unusual, and the problem must have some redeeming feature to compensate for what is artistically a drawback.

D E H Noyes.—The problem is correct; but the capture on the first move is a coup we scarcely dare present to our solvers. The construction of the other is also below your standard.

C S (Ludgate Circus).—We are much obliged.

L Desanges.—As corrected, it forms a not inelegant problem, and it shall certainly appear.

A Bolus.—Accepted. It shall be published at an early date.

W P Hind.—Marked for insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2616 received from R F Berryman (Battle Creek, Mich.) and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2617 from Charles Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.), R F Berryman, and Sipos Eteika a Sip (Kolozsvár); of No. 2618 from Losonczy Janoska (Kolozsvár); of No. 2619 from J Ross (Whitley), J Bailey (Newark), Captain J A Challice, A Church, Admiral Brandreth, F Glanville, R Worters (Canterbury), G Grier (Hednesford), and W H S (Peterborough).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2620 received from Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W R Railton, T G (Ware), F Waller (Luton), G Joyce, C D (Camberwell), R H Brooks, T Roberts, R Worters, H H (Peterborough), H S Brandreth, J Coad, F Glanville, J Hall, M Burke, Alpha, L Desanges, W P Hind, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E E H, A Newman, Shadforth, J W Scott (Newark), Sorrento, J I I (Frampton), W Wright, J D Tucker (Leeds), H E Lee (Worthing), Admiral Brandreth, C M A B, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), E Loudon, H B Hurford, W H S (Peterborough), J P Jackson (Worcester), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), A Church, W Mackenzie, and Carroll (Ashford, Wicklow).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2619.—By REGINALD KELLY.

WHITE

1. B to B sq

2. Q to K 8th (ch)

3. Kt or B mates

BLACK

K to Q 2nd

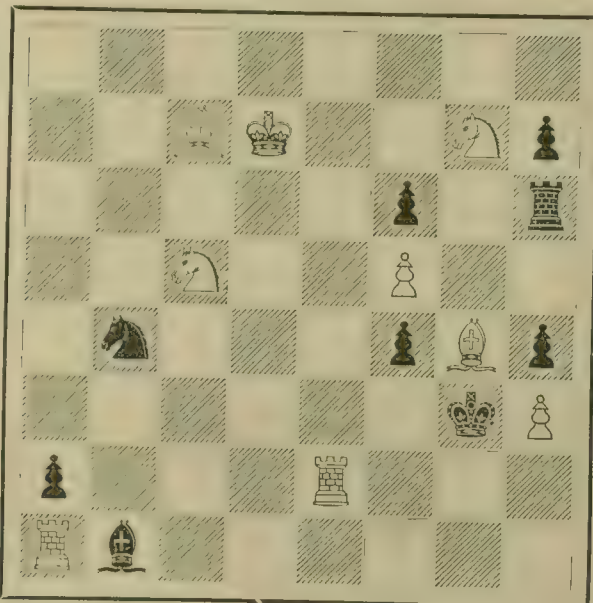
K takes Q or moves

If Black play 1. P takes B. 2. Q to K 8th (ch), and if 1. R or B takes Kt, then 2. Q takes P (ch), K takes Q; 3. B to R 3rd, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2622.

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BELFAST.

Game played in the correspondence match Belfast v. Dublin between Mr. A. HILL (Belfast) and Mr. W. H. MONCK (Dublin).

(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	24. Kt takes Q Kt P	Q to R 4th (ch)
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	25. Kt to Q B 3rd	R to K sq
3. P to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	26. Q to Kt 2nd	
4. P to R 3rd	P to Q B 4th		
5. P to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	B takes P		
7. K P takes P	B to K 2nd		
8. P to Q B 5th	Kt to K 5th		
9. B to Q 2nd	B to K B 3rd		
10. B to Q Kt 5th	Castles		
11. B takes Kt	P takes B		
12. Q to R 4th			

Played probably to prevent B to R 3rd, but the Queen is not well posted here and Castles was doubtless better.

12. Kt takes Kt Kt takes B
13. K R to K sq Q to K B 2nd
14. K R to K sq R to Q Kt sq
15. Q R to Q Kt sq

If P to Q Kt 4th, then follows Q to B 5th (ch), &c.

16. P to K Kt 3rd P to Q R 4th
17. K to K 5th B to Kt 2nd

Temporarily White to take Q B P, for if he takes with Queen then B takes Kt wins a piece; and if Kt takes P then B to Q 2nd, Kt to K 7th (ch), K to R sq, P to B 6th, B to K sq, and the Kt is equally lost.

18. P to K R 4th R to Kt 2nd
19. P to Q Kt 4th P takes P
20. P takes P R to R 2nd
21. Q to B 2nd P to B 3rd
22. P to Kt 5th P takes P
23. Kt to Q 3rd

Clearly he cannot take the Pawn at once, because of Q to R 4th (ch), &c.

23. B to Q 2nd

26. R to Q R sq
27. Kt to Kt 5th
28. Q takes B
29. Q to Kt 6th
30. Q to Kt 6th
31. Q takes Q
32. R to R 6th
33. K R to Q R sq
34. R to R 7th
35. R takes R
36. R to R 6th
37. K to Q B 3rd
38. P takes P
39. Kt to Kt 4th
40. R to R 5th
41. Kt to Q 3rd
42. K to Kt 4th
43. R to R 7th

The game has been well contested throughout, and there should be no trouble now for either party to draw it.

44. K to Kt 5th K takes Kt
45. K to B 6th R to Kt 2nd
46. R takes B R to Kt 7th
47. K to Q 6th R takes Q P
48. K takes P K to Q B 7th
49. K to Q 6th K to K 5th
50. R to Q 7th P to K 5th
51. P to B 6th P to Q 6th

Drawn game.

A first-class match took place on Saturday, June 16, between the Chess Bohemians and the City News Rooms. The contest was carried on by consultation, twelve players a side, two consulting at each board. Clocks were used to ensure fifteen moves per hour as the fixed rate of moving. The innovation proved a great success, and produced some excellent chess. The result is at present undecided, the score being 2½ games each, and one to be decided by the adjudicator.

On Wednesday, June 20, Mr. J. H. Blackburne gave a successful exhibition of blindfold chess at the Brighton Club. Six games were conducted simultaneously, the play lasting, with a short intermission of a quarter of an hour, from six o'clock till past eleven. The result of the play was that the blindfold player won three games, lost one, and drew one. At the conclusion of the proceedings a vote of thanks was proposed by the president of the club, and Mr. Blackburne, in acknowledging the courtesy, remarked that the games had been unusually stubborn and well contested.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

Now publishing, our Summer Number for 1894, containing Stories by Bret Harte, Miss Braddon, I. Zangwill, Lady Lindsay, and Margaret L. Woods; a One-Act Play by Max Pemberton; Two Splendid Coloured Pictures; and Numerous Illustrations by Fred Barnard, R. Caton, Woodville, Bernard Partridge, A. Forestier, A. Birkenruth, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, and others. Price One Shilling.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, ever ready to help in benevolent works, gave the Theatrical Ladies' Guild the advantage of announcing that she would present silver badges to its most industrious workers at the annual meeting held on the stage of the Lyceum at noon on June 22. This guild is the invention of pretty and kindly Mrs. C. L. Carson, who has organised her sisters of the profession to help the poorer women employed in theatres. The principal object is to provide baby-clothes for little strangers; but other help is given as required for needy mothers and babies. The ladies of the Guild meet weekly at Mrs. Carson's house, and sew, the material being obtained by a small annual subscription. The proceedings are enlivened by music and recitations. The committee includes a number of well-known names, among them Mrs. Theodore Wright, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Beatrice Lamb, Miss Cicely Richards, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Ada Cavendish, all of whom were present at the meeting; while on the list of patrons are many of the leading managers, and other distinguished actresses like Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. The workers include many of the nice and pretty girls who are beginning to make way in their profession. Each lady is pledged to make with her own hands in the year at least two garments for mother or child; as many more as she likes.

Only ladies are allowed to be present at these annual meetings. They are charming occasions. There are nearly four hundred ladies present, all handsome and well dressed, for good looks are rightly reckoned an almost indispensable qualification for the stage. Then they are so kind of heart; they are all just then so full of sympathy for their own sex, so moved by that sense of the sisterhood of women that is a newly but constantly rising blessed force among us, that the meeting palpitates with femininity in its sweetest and best aspect. Miss Fanny Brough is a splendid chairman, and looked graceful and elegant in a gown of blue-grey cloth, with a folded bodice cut open to show a V of white moiré trimmed with bands of blue ribbon covered with éru lace and edged with iridescent passementerie; the sleeves were original, having tight cuffs of moiré trimmed to match the vest, and tops of a big bell shape, lined with white soft silk that hung down below the material top. Miss Brough's becoming hat was black openwork chip trimmed with dark roses and their leaves. Miss Carlotta Addison wore shepherd's plaid washing silk; Miss Genevieve Ward was in black silk; Mrs. Theodore Wright in a light-brown cloth tailor dress, with a loose coat having strapped-over seams; Miss Beatrice Lamb wore a tailor-dress of the same colour, with an open coat and white shirt. One of the smartest frocks was worn by tall and handsome Miss Lily Hanbury—a tan crêpon, with a zouave of the same edged with a black satin band, trimmed along with glittering passementerie, and showing a pink silk under-bodice. Mrs. Carson, the hon. sec., the sweetest and kindest of little women, who calls her fellow-workers "girlies," in a coaxing, loving way, looked pretty in a black satin skirt and a pink silk blouse with a yoke and a shoulder-flounce of white lace. Miss Cicely Richards had a striped black and white silk skirt and a pretty bodice of pale blue silk covered with black net. Lady Burdett-Coutts (who was dressed in a trained black brocade, and lace and jet cape) made a charming speech; it was so happily phrased, as well as so wise and sympathetic. The Countess of Arran came with the Baroness, wearing a dress of pale blue silk completely veiled in black net. It was reported that the Guild had helped one case a week during the past year, and Mrs. Carson declared that often the mothers were actually starving while laid by from their work. Absolute secrecy is maintained as to the names and details of cases helped.

I have received a great number of letters lately asking for private replies. I am always much interested to hear from my readers, both for what they say and because it helps me to understand what are the most attractive subjects to them. For instance, it is a deeply interesting fact to my mind that I have eleven correspondents asking where they can obtain the paper on a late workhouse nurse by Miss Florence Nightingale. I am indeed glad to know that anything that she says attracts such notice, and that women who read my column feel keen interest in such an impersonal and philanthropic subject. But to all my valued correspondents I must say, please forgive me for not replying privately, for I cannot spare time. Miss Nightingale's paper will be found in the *Woman's Signal* for May 31.

Lanoline in its various preparations is an excellent adjunct to the dressing-room. I have on more than one occasion drawn the attention of my readers to the utility of carefully massaging the skin with a good cold cream, and I know of nothing better to use for this purpose than Lanoline cold cream. It has the great advantage of being composed of the natural fat of the skin of the sheep, and hence it is completely absorbed—drank in, as it were, by the skin of the face, when rubbed on slowly and softly. Women who use powders, and yet more those who apply paint to the face, will do wisely always to begin to "make up" by rubbing in a little Lanoline, and wiping it off, first with a soft towel and then with a piece of wash-leather, as this will keep the pores from being choked by the after applications, and to some extent will protect against injurious preparations so often contained in face powders and paints. Actresses who have persistently to "make up" are nevertheless generally the possessors of very good natural complexions, and that largely depends on the employment of cold cream; that they are wont to rub in as just advised. The only danger in the occasional and judicious application of Lanoline cold cream is the possibility of stimulating the growth of a moustache! Women who have any tendency to that hated disfigurement will do best to keep grease away from their lips and chin. On the other hand, the Lanoline pomade is a good application to help the growth of the hair on the head.

"Selvyt" has been sent me to report on. It is a kind of soft cloth, which is designed to take the place of chamois leather for cleaning bright goods, and which will perform that office without the aid of pastes or plate powders. It certainly is quite effectual, and is a convenient thing to keep in the sideboard drawer to give an occasional rub up with, as well as to supply for the servants' use.



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FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, & SCRUBBING FLOORS & KITCHEN TABLES, LINOLEUM, & OILCLOTHS.

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REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 12, 1880) of Mr. Emil Blank, of Barmen, Rhenish Prussia, merchant, who died on Aug. 5, was proved in London on June 9 by Emilius Blank, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Maria, everything whatsoever that he can dispose of in her favour according to the laws in force at the time of his death.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1887), with two codicils (dated May 14, 1889, and Jan. 10, 1894), of Mrs. Mary Eldridge,

Middlesex Hospital; her freehold houses, 42 and 43, Douglas Place, Bayswater, to the Seamen's Hospital Society, Greenwich; her freehold house, 41, Douglas Place, to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution (Sackville Street); her freehold house, 179, Queen's Road, with workshop, to St. George's Hospital; and other legacies. The residue of her property is to be divided equally between the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, the British Home for Incurables (Clapham Road), the Charity Organisation Society (Buckingham Street, Adelphi), and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The will (dated June 19, 1894) of Mrs. Elizabeth Chetwode, of 23, Tite Street, Chelsea, who died on April 26, was proved on June 23 by Eustace Edward Grubbe, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix appoints out of the trust funds of her marriage settlement £5000 to her husband, Augustus Littleton Chetwode; and on the death of her husband, who has a life interest therein, many legacies to relatives and others. As to the remainder of the trust funds, on the death of her husband she gives one moiety each to her brothers John and Henry. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband.

The will and codicil of Mr. John Shuttleworth, of Withington, near Manchester, who died on Feb. 16 at Kenbridge, Balmaclellan, North Britain, was proved on June 18 by John Coskerie and Mrs. Ellen Maria Coskerie, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £16,000.

The will (dated July 25, 1884), with two codicils (dated Oct. 8, 1887, and April 26, 1890), of the Hon. Mrs. Rosa Edwardes, of 1, Lisburn Crescent, Torquay, who died on May 6, was proved on June 18 by Lord Kensington and William Henry Saltwell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testatrix bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for her step-daughter Katharine Edwardes for life, and then, upon further trusts, for her nephew and godson, Edgar Oliver; £1000 to her niece Laura Oliver; and other legacies pecuniary and specific. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one moiety, upon trust, for her niece Agnes Brakspear, and the other moiety to her said nephew Edgar Oliver.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1889), with four codicils (dated Jan. 14 and May 6, 1891; Aug. 12, 1892; and March 15, 1893), of Mr. John Jolliffe Tufnell, J.P., D.L., of Langleys, Essex, who died on May 10, was proved on June 19 by the Rev. Frederick Tufnell and Francis Richard Round, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,944. The testator leaves £500 and a rent-charge on his real estate of £1600 per annum, for life, to his wife Mrs. Eleanor Margaret Tufnell; he also leaves her his reversionary interest in a house known as Wallops, adjoining his park, for life, and then to his children or remoter issue as she shall appoint; and there are some other bequests to her. Portions are provided for his younger children; and there are two or three other



PRESENTATION TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The jewel ornament of brilliants presented to the Princess of Wales at the opening of the Tower Bridge is a beautiful work of art. The centre is occupied by diamonds, on the top is the imperial crown, at one side the arms of Middlesex, at the other the arms of Surrey, and at the bottom those of the City, all on enamelled shields, which are joined together by a wreath of roses, shamrocks, and thistles. Running through the whole is the insignia of the Bridge House Estates Committee. This ornament has been manufactured by Elkington and Co., Ltd., of London.

of Oaklawn, Atkins Road, Clapham, who died on May 5, was proved on June 18 by Frederick Morgan, William Steer Riding, M.D., and Henry Wilson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testatrix leaves £7000 India Three-per-Cent. Stock upon trust for her son Edward for life, and then equally between Guy's Hospital and the London Hospital; her freehold house, 171, Queen's Road, Bayswater, to the



THE TOWER BRIDGE: CORPORATION BADGE.

This decoration is made of gold and enamel. The centre is occupied by a representation of the Tower Bridge, with the drawbridge raised, and a vessel passing through. On the top is the imperial crown, at one side the arms of Middlesex, at the other those of Surrey, and at the bottom those of the City, all on enamelled shields, which are joined together by a wreath of roses, shamrocks, and thistles. Running through the whole is the insignia of the Bridge House Estates Committee. On the reverse is an enamelled inscription giving the date of the opening ceremony. The City motto, "Domine Dirige Nos," is enamelled in a circle round the bridge. The whole has been executed by Elkington and Co., Ltd., of London.

legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son William Nevill Tufnell.

The will (dated March 9, 1894) of Mr. James Théobald, M.P., of Bedfords, Havering-atte-Bower, Essex, and 125, Victoria Street, Westminster, who died on March 10 at Romford, was proved on June 19 by Miss Kathleen



MAZAWATTEE TEA.

"AND TRUE LOVE-KNOTS LURKED IN THE BOTTOM OF EVERY TEA-CUP."

(From the Painting by G. Sheridan Knowles, R.I.)

MAZAWATTEE TEA.



Kettle and Stand, with Ebony Handle and Knob.

Prince's Plate.
 1½ pints ... £3 15 0
 2 pints ... 4 5 0
 2½ pints ... 4 15 0



Claret-Jug, Rich Pine Cut Crystal Glass, with plain Sterling Silver Mounts, £3 15s. Prince's Plate Mounts, £2 15s.



Plain Oval Mustard-Pot, with Glass Lining. Prince's Plate, £1 5s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.



Very Handsome Corinthian Pillar Candlesticks, 6½ in. high. Prince's Plate, £2 4s. per pair. Sterling Silver, £5 per pair.



Full-size Entrée-Dish, with Movable Handle. Prince's Plate, £4. Sterling Silver, £18.

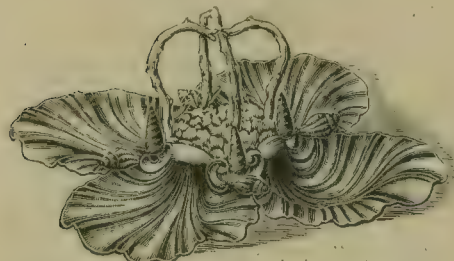
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Sterling Silver Child's Mug, £2 5s.



Sterling Silver Tea-Caddy, with richly chased Panels, 4½ in. high by 2½ in. square, £3.



Beautifully Saw-pierced and Engraved Grape-Scissors. Electro Silver, £1 2s. Sterling Silver, £2 15s.

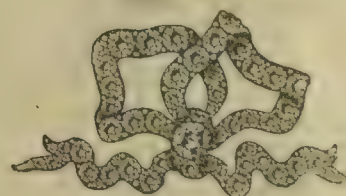


Turquoise and Diamond Aigrette Comb from £ 95.

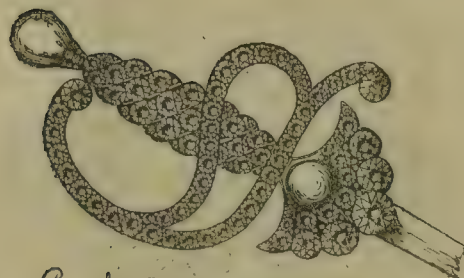
Streeter

Diamond Feather ornament in three sizes
 £150. £300. £450.

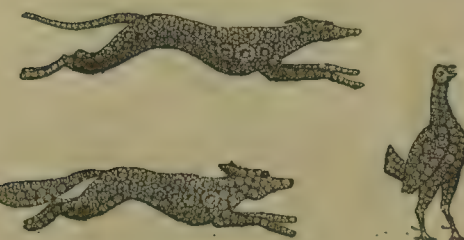
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Russell, one of the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9962. The testator devises and bequeaths all that he possesses to his wife, Mrs. Marion Theobald, for her separate use independently of any husband.

The will (dated March 8, 1892) of Mrs. Jane Bonner, of 90, Manor Road, Brockley, Kent, was proved on June 13 by John Ley, John Pollard, and Charles Turing Brookhouse, the executors. The testatrix bequeaths £150 to the Church Association (Buckingham Street, Strand), and £100 each to the Deptford Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Ragged School Union, the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), the Home for Fatherless Children (Reedham), the British Home for Incurables, the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Police Orphanage (Twickenham), the School for the Indigent Blind (St. George's Fields), the National Life-Boat Institution, the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road), the London Fever Hospital (Liverpool Road), and the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children (Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square).

The town of Wolverhampton, which derives its name from Wulfruna, a Saxon Princess, sister to King Ethelred II., has just been celebrating the nine hundredth anniversary of her grant of a municipal charter and her endowment of St. Peter's Collegiate Church.

OBITUARY.

LORD FORESTER.

On June 22, at "The Residence," in York, Orlando



Watkin Weld. Baron Forester, of Willey Park, in the county of Salop, Clerk in Holy Orders, M.A., and Canon Residentiary of York Minster. Lord Forester was born April 18, 1818, being the fourth son of the late Cecil, first Lord Forester, and succeeded his elder brother, the late peer, as fourth Baron Forester, Feb. 14, 1886. His Lordship married, first, July 14, 1840, Sophia Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Richard Norman. That lady died April 2, 1872; and he remarried, Oct. 3, 1875, Emma Maria, eldest daughter of Mr. William Tollemache. His Lordship's eldest son, Mr. Cecil Theodore Weld-Forester, who was born Aug. 3, 1842, and is the only child by the first marriage, succeeds to the title as fifth Baron Forester. The new peer married, Dec. 18, 1866, Emma Georgina, daughter of Sir Willoughby Wolstan Dixie, Bart., and has had issue seven sons and two daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir John Cox Bray, K.C.M.G., on June 13, at sea, between Aden and Colombo, in the fifty-third year of his age. Entering the Colonial Legislative Assembly of South Australia in 1872, he was appointed Minister of Justice and Education three years later, and having filled several important positions, he became Premier in 1884. Sir John was until recently Agent-General in this country for his colony.

Mr. William Calder Marshall, R.A., on June 16, aged eighty-one. This distinguished painter was decorated six years since with the Legion of Honour, and was elected Royal Academician in 1852.

Fleet-Paymaster William Wykeham Perry, R.N., on June 14, at "Bonclia," Caterham Valley, Surrey, aged forty-eight.

Dame Mary West, on June 20, at St. James's Palace, aged sixty-one. She was the wife of Sir Algernon West, K.C.B., Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber to the Queen, and daughter of the late Captain the Hon. George Barrington.

The Hon. Alexander Temple Fitzmaurice, Groom of the Bed-Chamber to the Prince of Wales, on June 19, aged fifty-eight, at his house in Brook Street, W. He was fourth son of the late Thomas John Hamilton, fifth Earl of Orkney.

SUNLIGHT SOAP COMPETITIONS.

232,000 Prizes of Bicycles, Watches, and Books, value £41,904.



THE FIRST OF THESE MONTHLY COMPETITIONS was held on JAN. 31, 1894, and will be followed by others each month during 1894.



Competitors to Save as many "SUNLIGHT" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called the "Coupons") are to be sent, enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the Competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner), with the Number of the District Competitor lives in.

No. of District.	For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 8 Districts, as under:
1	IRELAND.
2	SCOTLAND.
3	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
4	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
5	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Prizes will be awarded every month during 1894, in each of the 8 Districts, as under:

Every month, in each of the 8 Districts, the 5 Competitors who send the largest number of Coupons from the district in which they reside will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's Premier Safety Cycle, with Dunlop Pneumatic Tires, value £20*

The next 20 Competitors will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Waltham" Stem-Winding Silver Lever Watch, value £4 4s.

The next 200 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 5s.

The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d.

The next 400 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. 6d.

The next 500 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s.

The next 1000 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 1s.

* The Bicycles are the Celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube Premier Cycles (Highest Award Chicago 1893), manufactured by the Premier Cycle Co., Ltd., of Coventry and London, fitted with Dunlop 1894 Pneumatic Tires, Salisbury's "Invincible" Lamp, Lamplugh's 405 Saddle, Tool Valise, Harrison's Gong, Pump, &c.

RULES.

I. The Competitions will Close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

II. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employes of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families, are debarred from competing.

III. A printed list of Winners of Bicycles and Watches, and of Winning Numbers of Coupons for Books in Competitor's District, will be forwarded 21 days after each competition closes, to those competitors who send Halfpenny Stamp for Postage, but in all cases where this is done, "Stamp enclosed" should be written on the form.

IV. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, will award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, as final.

Value of Prizes given each month in each district.			Total Value of Prizes in all the 8 districts during 1894.		
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
100	0	0	9600	0	0
84	0	0	8064	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
52	10	0	5040	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
			41,904	0	0



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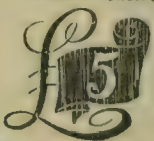
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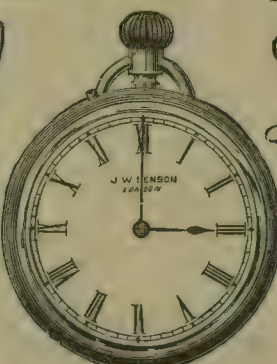
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THE OPERA.

M. Massenet ought really to be more considerate. In "Werther" he was accused of choosing a dreary subject, devoid of dramatic interest and unfitted for operatic treatment. In "La Navarraise" it is complained that he has gone to the other extreme and taken in hand a sensational drama, in which everything has had to be sacrificed to the action. Next time he must really try to discover the happy medium; but inasmuch as there are people in this world whom nothing can satisfy, we doubt whether the French composer will even then be lucky enough to please everybody. Meanwhile, he is probably content in the knowledge that "Werther" is an artistic success, and that "La Navarraise," which was produced at Covent Garden for the first time on any stage on Wednesday, June 20, is generally regarded as having made a genuine hit. The plot of the new short opera is unquestionably powerful in the extreme. Enacted in the midst of the excitement and bloodshed of a Carlist insurrection, it shows with vivid force how a woman who is at heart religious and good, will, without hesitation, commit murder for the purpose of earning the money which she is required to bring as dowry before she can gain permission to marry

the man she loves. The deed is, in a sense, justifiable. Anita's victim is the hated Carlist leader, whose death is essential for the success of the army to which her lover belongs, and—all is fair in love and war. But fate is not kind to the poor Navarrese girl. Unknown to anyone but the General, who has agreed to pay her the money, she has gone forth in the dead of night, and, at the risk of her own life, taken that of her country's enemy. In the morning she returns, and the promised reward is hers. But her lover—the man for whose sake she stooped to crime—has followed her to the Carlist camp, and attributed to the worst of motives her visit to the leader's tent. He has received a death-wound for his pains, and struggles back with enough strength left to hurl a few cruel words at his miserable sweetheart ere he expires. Thus Anita profits naught by her exploit, and pays the penalty by going mad as the curtain falls.

Three-quarters of an hour suffices for the unfolding of this thrilling little story. There is not much time, then, for music—music, that is to say, of the kind which is not either descriptive of swift-moving incidents or an accompaniment to hurried dialogue. Nevertheless, M. Massenet has found room for some charming lyrical pages in the midst of passages which are as dramatic and vigorous as any that

he has yet penned. Even the inevitable love duet is not absent, while at least two delightful contrasts are afforded by the drinking song and chorus of the soldiers and the exquisite nocturne played by the orchestra while the troops lie asleep in the village square. It is perhaps acting rather than singing that this brief music-drama needs, but at Covent Garden it gets both. The Anita of Madame Calvé is a superb creation, full of life, intensity, and picturesque charm—from first to last a masterly study. The young sergeant, Araquil, is finely played by M. Alvarez; in his tragic moments this excellent tenor is quite impressive. Admirable, too, is M. Plançon's assumption of the General—dignified, reposeful, austere, and full of reserved force. Every part, indeed, is well played, while no pains have been spared in the matter of *mise en scène*. Not in his most martial Drury Lane drama has Sir Augustus Harris contrived to lend a fuller degree of realism to his stage effects. The success of "La Navarraise" is beyond dispute, and it is enhanced by the announcement that her Majesty the Queen has commanded a performance to be given at Windsor Castle early in July. The opera is conducted by M. Flon, the talented *chef d'orchestre* of the Brussels Monnaie.

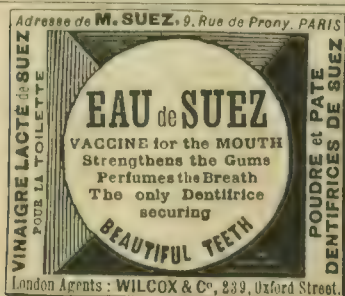
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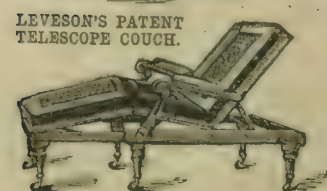
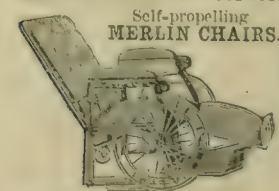
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London, June 1894. Wm. BART, General Manager.

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M O N T E C A R L O .

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoy-
able by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the
multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between
Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance
at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, any of the
towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul
Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic
achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a com-
pany all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic
and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo
from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present
were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of
Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La
Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazou
and Giberie, Messrs. David and Paul Bert. "Mon Prince," by
Andran and "Ruy Blas," with Moutet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The
director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon
Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two
representations every week in the following order: "Samson
et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Madame Deschamps-Jéhu, Salza
et Fabre; "La Sonnanbula," Madame, Marcella Sembrich,
Messrs. Queyia and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by
Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec
and Queyia; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on
April 7, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle.
Aren, M. Queyia, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at
the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at
Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey.
Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and
International Concerts, under the competent direction of M.
Arthur Stock.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.
The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened on Jan. 16, is
superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works
collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements
made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de
Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary
presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among
the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille,
Barrias, and the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carols
Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo
Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee,
with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most
esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn
tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and
amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the
marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few
hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and mani-
fold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned
establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance,
they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland,
at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter
here does not exist.

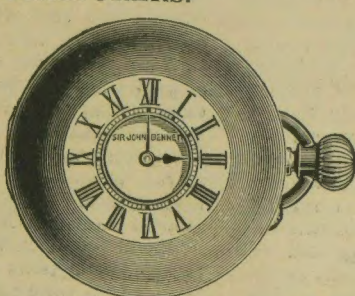
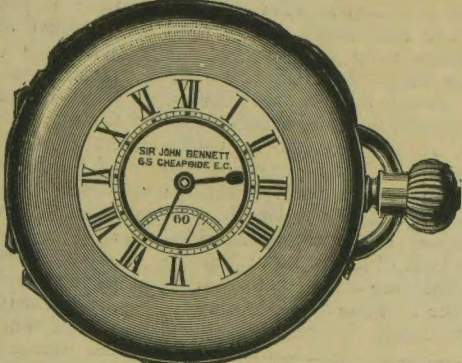
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of the German season at Drury Lane was distinguished by many features of excellence, and, as a whole, touched a higher level of all-round merit. To be given to perfection, these "Nibelungen" music-dramas require as many weeks of rehearsal as they here receive days. It is only, perhaps, because they do not expect the finest quality of artistic polish that Wagnerian connoisseurs are so ready to cry content over representations which for obvious reasons have to be mounted in a hurry. Under the circumstances, much credit is due to the new Hamburg conductor, Herr Lohse, who has done wonders with his "scratch" orchestra, and who evinced, in his direction of "Siegfried" especially, ability of a high order. The Siegfried of Herr Alvary and the Brünnhilde of Frau Klafsky were fully criticised in these columns two years ago, and neither embodiment shows the slightest sign of deterioration. The demands made upon these artists by the wonderful

duet in the last act were more than fully met. The scene was followed with rapt attention, and on the fall of the curtain the two gifted exponents were greeted with an ovation. The new Mime, Herr Rodemund, had a hard task to encounter in following Herr Lieban, but he acquitted himself by no means badly, though lacking the extraordinary subtlety and *finesse* of his predecessor. Herr Wiegand was not more ponderous than usual as the Wanderer, whose utterances, if monotonous in themselves, are at any rate accompanied by some of the most marvellous instrumentation in the score. Fräulein Olitzka as Erda, Mr. David Bispham as Alberich, and Fräulein Gherlsen as the Stimme des Waldvogels, filled the same positions as in the cast of last season; but the tones of the young Swedish artist were scarcely of the bird-like quality needed for the music that she had to sing.

For the third German opera night (Tuesday, June 26)

"Tannhäuser" was given, the attendance again being very large. The choruses were sung—and with less refinement than might have been desired—in Italian; but the principal artists all employed the original text. Frau Klafsky's fine assumption of Elizabeth was the most meritorious feature of a somewhat unequal performance, and had Herr Alvary's Tannhäuser been as satisfactory in a vocal as it was in a histrionic sense it might have been placed upon the same exalted plane. The Venus of Mdlle. Gherlsen was likewise vocally below the mark, but Mr. David Bispham's poetic delineation of Wolfram, which was new to a London audience, marked a distinct advance in the career of this clever and intelligent artist. Herr Wiegand lent, as usual, due weight to the utterances of the Landgrave. The band, under the guidance of Herr Feld, did justice to the famous overture and the prelude to the third act, but was at times exceedingly rough.

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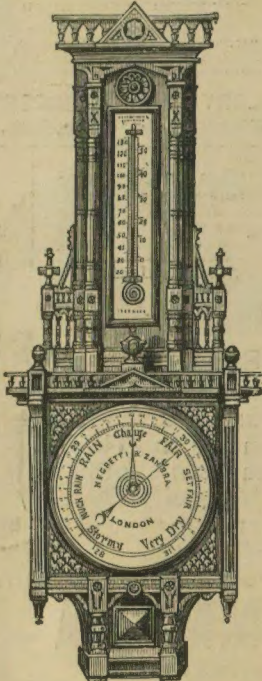
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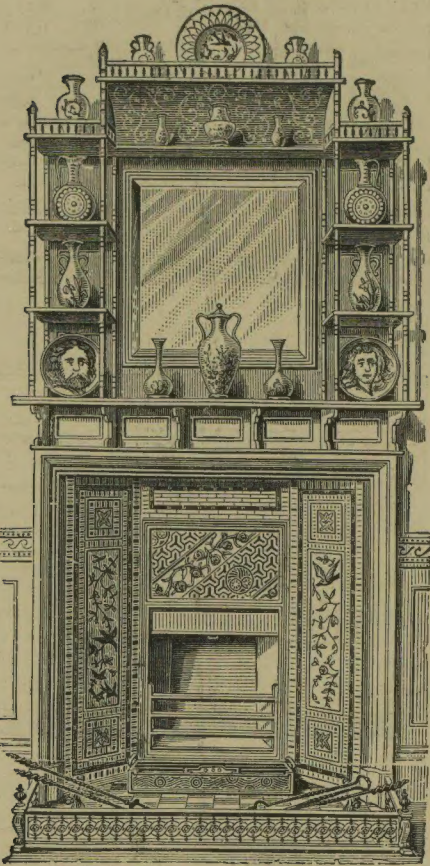
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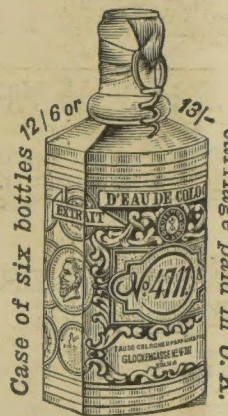
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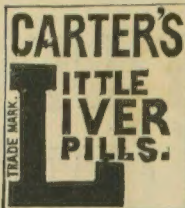
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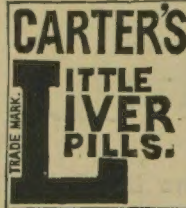
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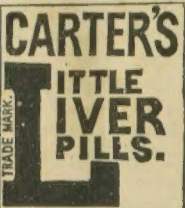
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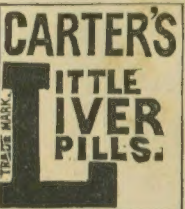
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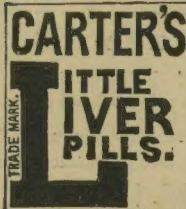
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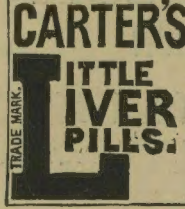
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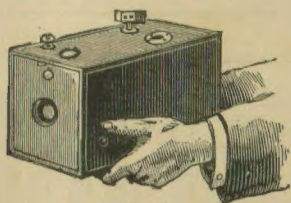
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